

Sindy[®]

Annual

*Sindy's
Wedding Day*



*Sindy at the
Gymkhana*







Hello Everyone,

Welcome to my very first Grandreams Annual.

I've had such a super time putting it together.

It's been quite hard work - but very enjoyable - deciding which of my adventures you would like to hear about and going through my wardrobe sorting out which outfits I should wear for the photographic sessions.

I do hope you will have as much fun reading it as I have working on it.

Lots of love,

Sindy®

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Grandreams Ltd.,

Jadwin House, 205/211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5.

Printed in Holland.

ISBN 0 86227 242 4

Sindy Tops The Pops

IT ALL STARTED IN THE SUPERMARKET WHEN SINDY WAS BUMPED BY SOMEONE IN A HURRY...



SINDY AND MANDY HAD ATTENDED THE SAME DANCING SCHOOL.

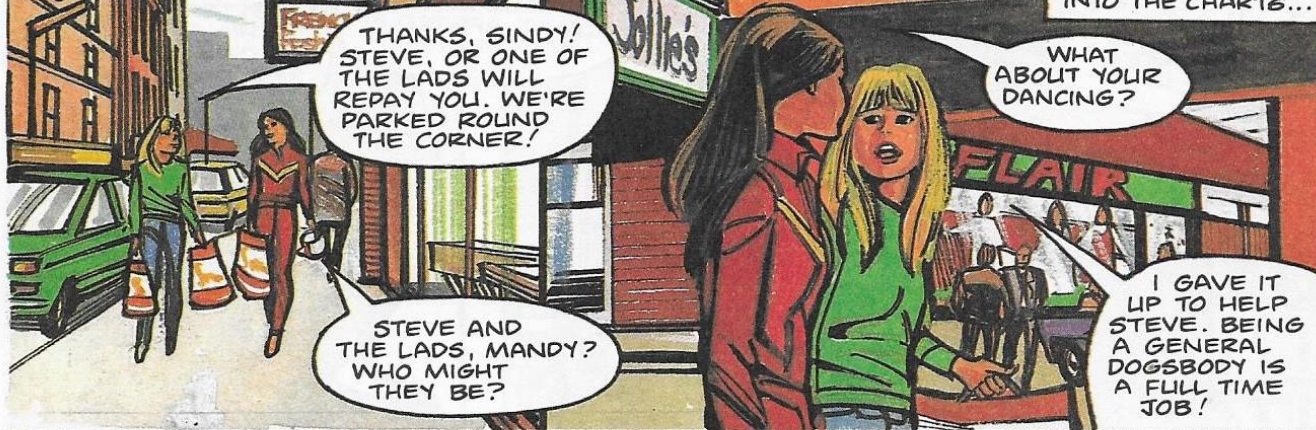


SINDY WAS SOON TO GET A SHREWD IDEA...

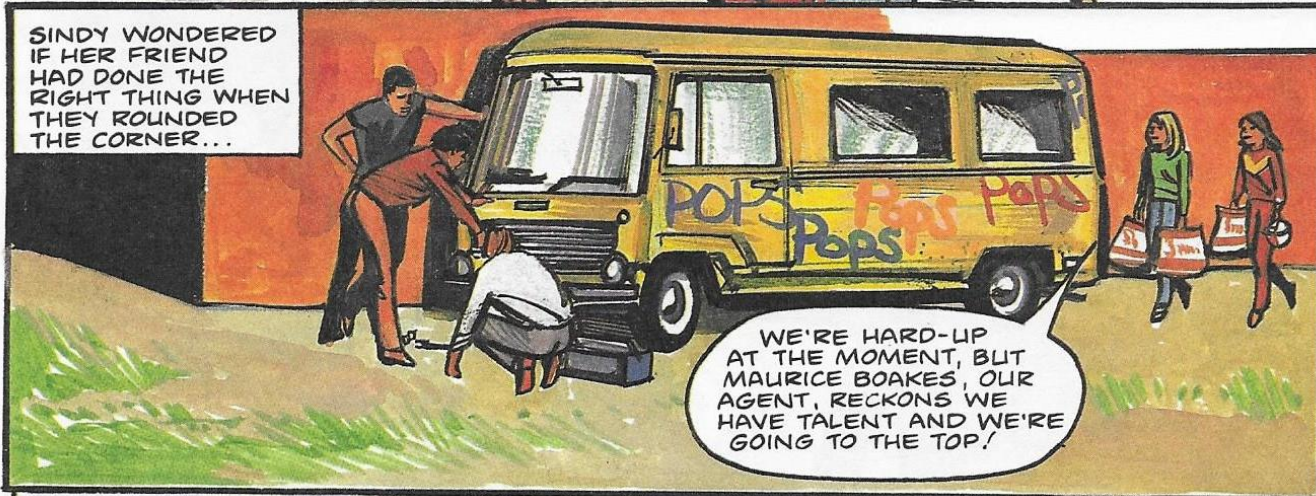


SINDY CAME TO HER FRIEND'S RESCUE...

MANDY EXPLAINED... STEVE, HER BOYFRIEND, WAS LEADER OF 'THE POPS', A GROUP ABOUT TO BREAK INTO THE CHARTS...

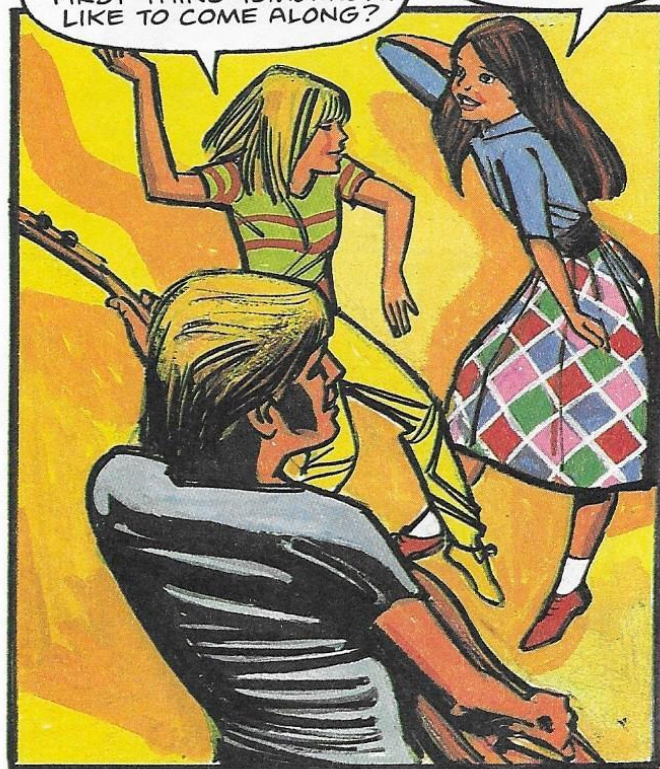


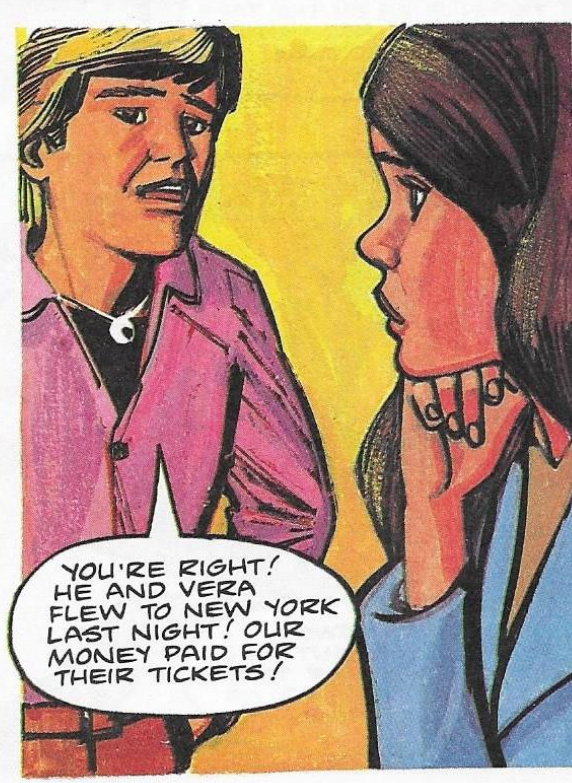
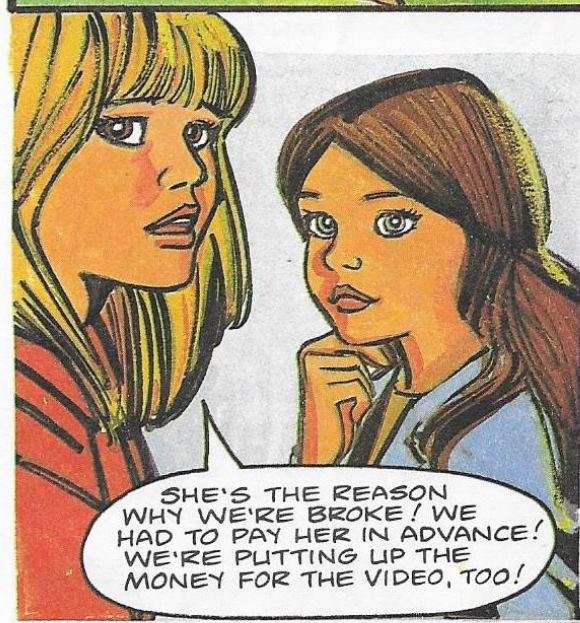
SINDY WONDERED IF HER FRIEND HAD DONE THE RIGHT THING WHEN THEY ROUNDED THE CORNER...

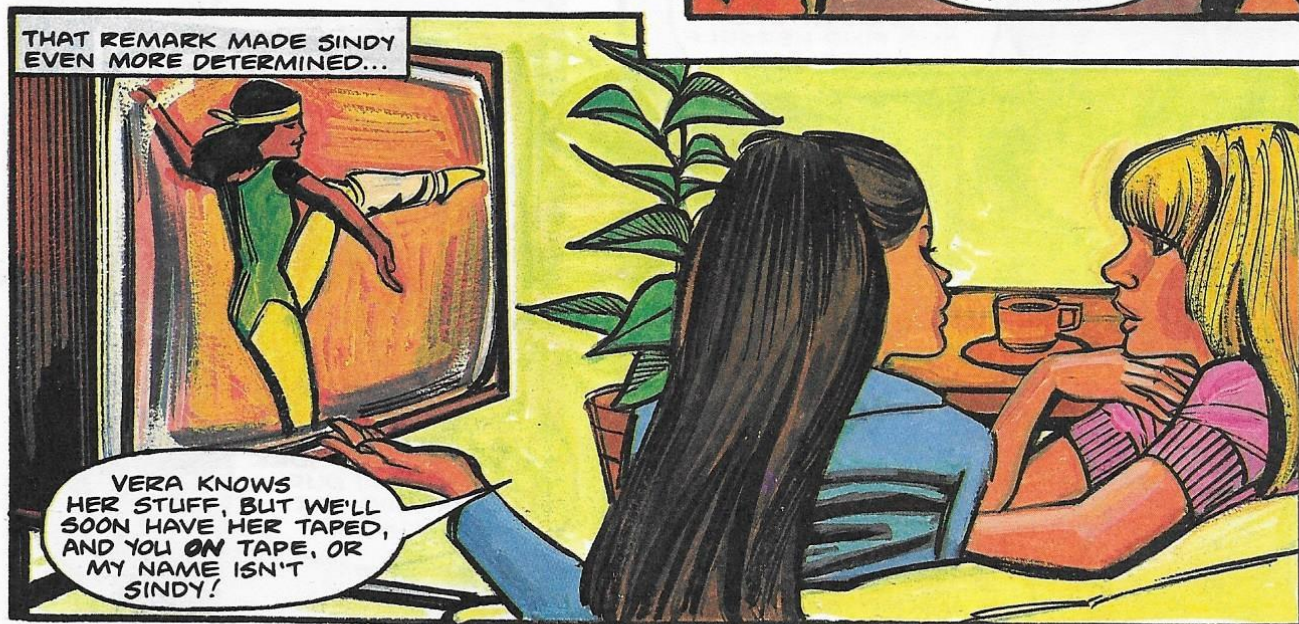


TALENT THEY MIGHT HAVE, BUT NO MONEY...









AND SO THE HARD
WORK BEGAN...



IF I CAN,
YOU CAN!

NO WAY!

A DAY OR SO
LATER...



THAT'S IT!
YOU'VE GOT IT!
THAT'S THE FIRST
HURDLE OVER!

OO! IT
FEELS LIKE
I'VE BEEN OVER
HUNDREDS!

AND THE FOLLOWING
EVENING...



I MIGHT
DANCE LIKE
VERA BUT I
DON'T LOOK
LIKE HER!

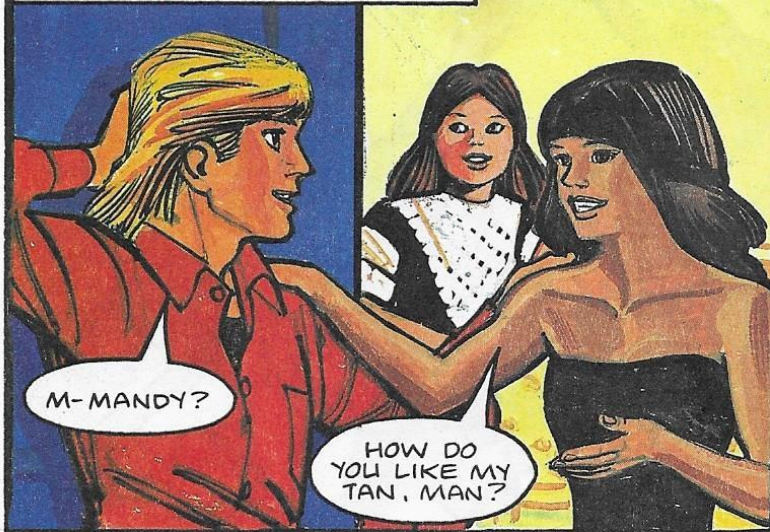
I'M
WORKING ON
IT, MANDY!



I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
I'M STARTING
TO LOOK LIKE
HER!

I DON'T KNOW
WHERE VERA GOT HER
SUN TAN FROM BUT
YOURS WILL COME FROM
A BOTTLE TOMORROW!

NEXT EVENING, WHEN STEVE ARRIVED, HE COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE HIS EYES...

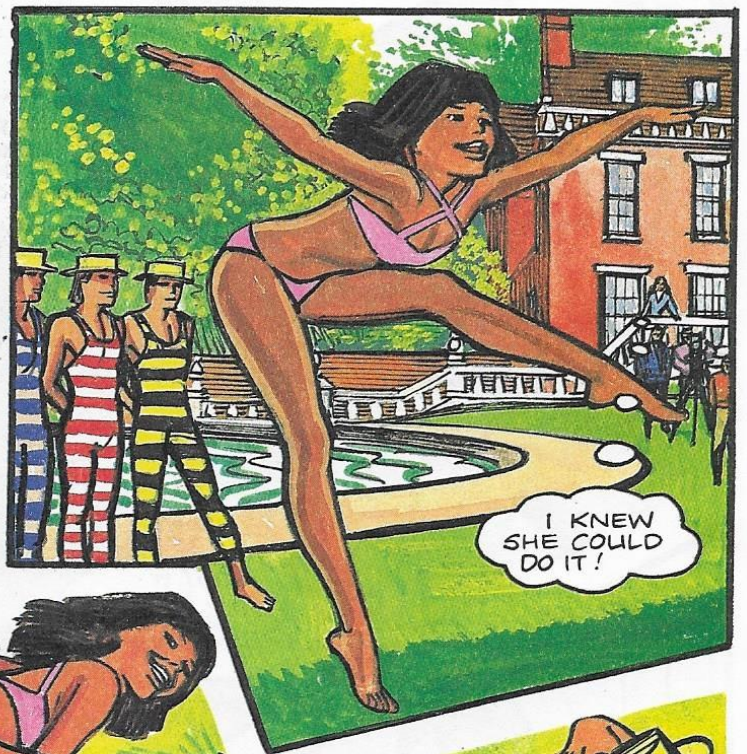


I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT, SINDY!

ER—I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF ASKING LADY SPARKS IF WE CAN SHOOT THE REST OF THE FILM IN HER GROUNDS! SHE AGREED, PROVIDING YOU PLAY AT HER NIECE'S PARTY!

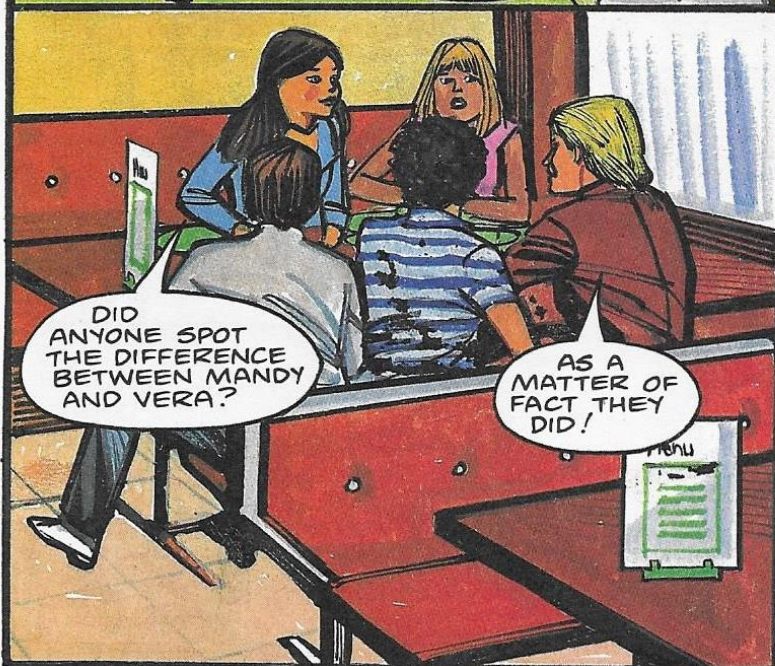


WE CAN SHOOT THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW! REHEARSE IN THE MORNING AND FILM IN THE AFTERNOON!

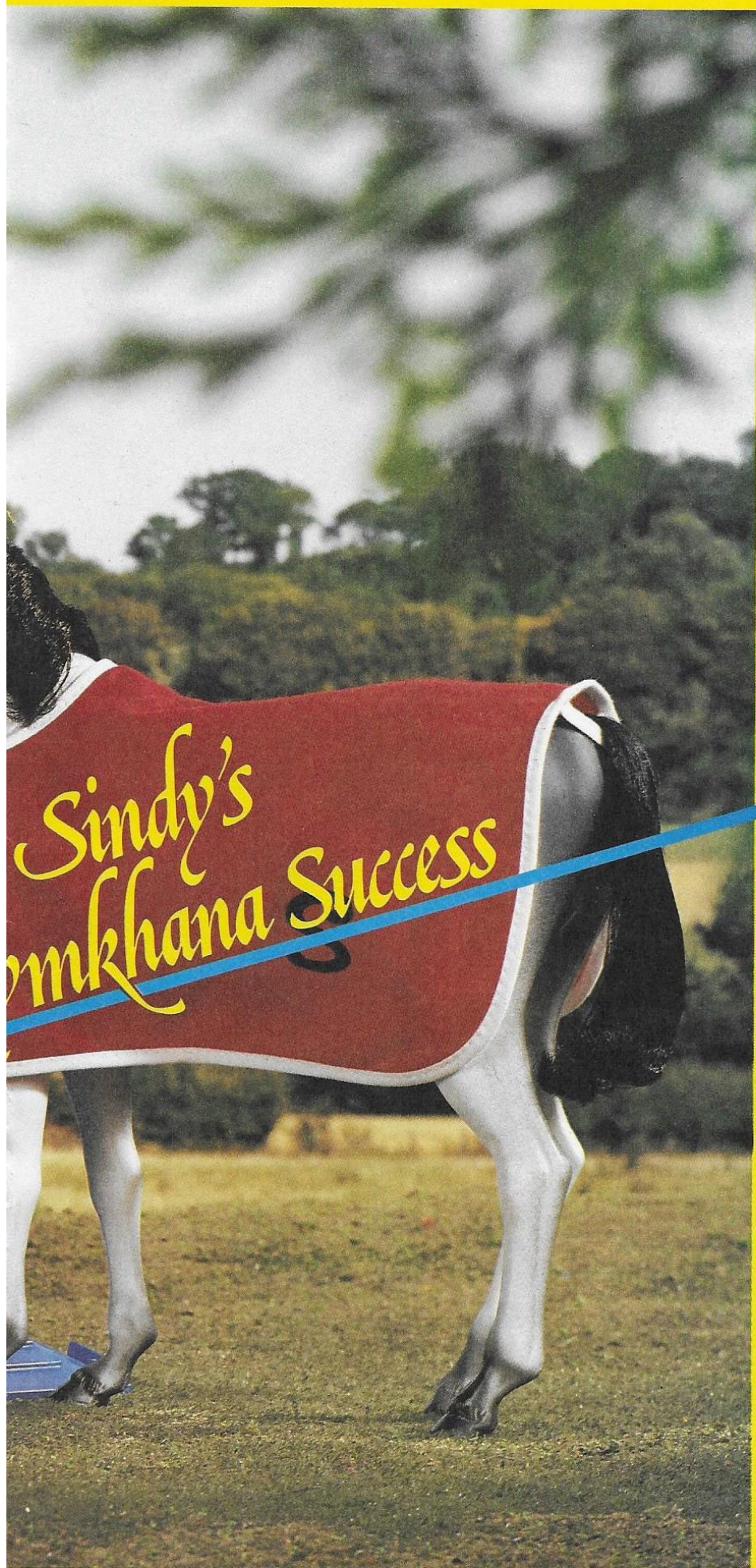


STEVE AND THE GUYS GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE...









I feel very excited today because a big gymkhana is being held in the next village. I've entered Dragonfly in several events, including a big jumping competition. Dragonfly is my dapple grey horse and I've had to get up very early to bring him in from the paddock. When he hears me call, he pricks up his ears and canters over the grass towards the gate. "Good boy," I praise him, slipping on his halter while he tries to nuzzle my pocket for the sugar lumps I always bring him.

Leading him into the stable, I give him a good feed of oats, bran and hay. Then I have to groom him, brushing his coat and combing his tail.

Now it's time to change into my showjumping outfit. Just as I am pulling on my riding boots I hear the sound of hooves clip-

clopping along the road, and I hurry down to the stableyard in time to see Jane arrive on her own horse, Sunbeam. "Have you been waiting for me?" Jane asks. "It took ages to plait Sunbeam's tail."

As the gymkhana is quite a long distance away I am taking Dragonfly in the horsebox, and there is room in it for Sunbeam, too. I put a rug on Dragonfly and lead him up the ramp into the box, then Jane follows with Sunbeam. Fireaway, my new chestnut mare would like to come too, but she has to stay in the paddock with her foal, Flicker.

The horsebox is hitched to the Range Rover and I drive it carefully onto the road. Soon we see other horseboxes travelling in the same direction, and as we get nearer the showground, strings of horses are being ridden towards the field where the gymkhana is

being held. Then we see the tents with flags flying from the poles, and hear music coming over the loudspeaker system. "The music always gives me a prickly feeling down my spine," laughs Jane, wriggling with excitement.

"Take the box round to the right, Miss" one of the stewards at the gate directs me to the area reserved for competitors.

As soon as I have parked, Alison rides up. "I've been looking out for you," she calls, sliding off Jingles, her sturdy Shetland pony. "Have you heard, Lucinda Green will be presenting the cups to the competition winners?"

"Yes, and I'd love to meet her," I reply. "She's such a fantastic rider."

"Perhaps you'll get the chance, if Dragonfly jumps well," says Jane.

"We'll need a lot of luck, too," I remind her. "There's bound to be some of the best horses in the country today."

Dragonfly whinnies and wants to get out right away, but Jane and I have to go to the secretary's tent first. We collect our numbers and check that our horses are entered in the correct classes.

Then we go back to the horsebox and lead Dragonfly and Sunbeam onto the grass. We saddle them up and walk them round the edge of the big field for exercise.

One of the earlier classes is being judged and we are moving towards the show ring to see the winners, when I notice a girl in a wheelchair. She is looking at Dragonfly, so I lead him closer. She holds out her arms and he puts his head down and nuzzles her face. "I'd love to own a horse like yours," she says, wistfully. "What's his name?"

"Dragonfly," I tell her.

"Mine's Susan," she says.

Suddenly we hear the

announcement calling for the competitors in our class to go to the collecting ring. Susan promises to look out for us as I mount Dragonfly and canter off towards the collecting ring.

Jane takes Sunbeam over the fences first and has a clear round, but Jingles cannot quite clear the last fence and knocks off the top pole. Dragonfly leaps over the fences in fine style, and I see Susan clapping and cheering as we leave the ring after a clear round.

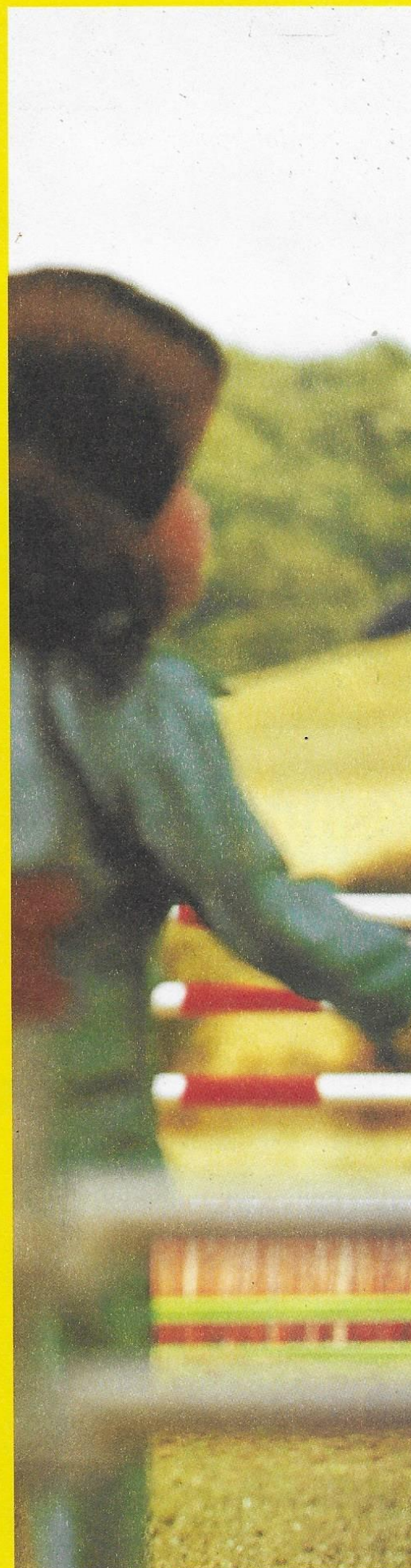
The fences are made higher for the first jump-off, and finally there are only three riders left; Jane, Christopher on a big bay horse called Hercules, and myself.

Jane goes first, clearing each fence until the last, When Sunbeam refuses and has to retire. Hercules has a clear round until the last fence, then just tips the top pole as he goes over, and it falls to the ground.

I can see Susan watching, all tensed up in her chair as Dragonfly enters the ring. He sails over the first fence and everyone cheers. One more to go, and the rails have been placed higher than ever.

"Come on, Dragonfly, jump it for Susan," I urge him. Out of the corner of my eye I can see Susan, hands clenched, willing him to jump. He approaches the fence, takes off, and for a moment I'm afraid he won't make it. Then he just skims over the top, his feet touch the soft turf on the other side and a great roar goes up from the crowd. "We did it!" I cry, stroking his neck, and Dragonfly lifts his head and swishes his tail as though he knows how clever he is.

Dragonfly leads the lap of honour, now sporting a red rosette on his bridle, while the crowd claps and cheers. When we come out of the ring I ride round to see Susan. "I wish I could ride like you," she sighs.









"But I can only move a few steps with a walking aid."

I have to walk Dragonfly round so that he cools off slowly, and as the show ring is being set up for other events, Susan comes with me, expertly spinning the wheels of her chair across the grass.

We find Jane and Alison sitting on a wall under some trees. They have bought coke and plates of food from the refreshment tent.

I sit on a stile to eat mine and as I watch Susan giving Dragonfly a tit-bit, I suddenly have an idea. "If you would like a ride, I'm sure we could help you onto Dragonfly's back by using this stile as a mounting block."

Susan is very eager to try, so I lend her my riding cap, and Jane and Alison help her out of the wheelchair and on to the stile. From that height, Susan can lean over Dragonfly's saddle, and while I hold his head, the others help her into a sitting position.

"How does it feel?" I ask.

"Great!" laughs Susan, holding tightly to Dragonfly's mane. "We'll only go at a walking pace," I tell her. "Jane and Alison will make sure you stay on safely."

I lead Dragonfly right round the show-ground and Susan is so proud to ride the winning horse with the red rosette, especially when other people point him out to their friends.

Then we have to give Dragonfly a rest before the next competition. "Do you think I could really learn to ride well, if I took lessons?" asks Susan, as we help her back into her wheelchair.

"Many handicapped people do," I tell her. "Princess Anne does a lot to encourage them to ride, and some go to special riding centres."

All the horses take part in other events during the

afternoon. One of the most exciting is the obstacle race, where we have to jump off our horses, wriggle through a tyre, remount and ride in and out of a long line of poles. Dragonfly accidentally knocks one of the poles down, but Jingles is small enough to swerve round them faster than any of the other horses, so Alison rides to victory.

In the potato race, we have to gallop backwards and forwards, collecting potatoes from the poles and throwing them into a bucket. I drop one and have to dismount to pick it up. Then I'm racing neck and neck with Jane on Sunbeam, but her horse wins by a short head.

At the end of the afternoon we line up for the presentation of the cups. Lucinda Green, the famous international rider pats Dragonfly and says "Well done," as she hands me the silver show-jumping cup.

I ride round to say goodbye to Susan before we head for home. "You must come and see me very soon," I tell her. "Then you can ride Dragonfly again, and I'll show you Fireaway and her foal."

"I'd love that," says Susan, stroking Dragonfly's nose. I take off his red rosette and pin it to her wheelchair. "One day you may ride a winner yourself," I tell her.

Soon Jane and I are on our way home, with Dragonfly and Sunbeam in the horsebox. Fireaway and Flicker are waiting in the paddock as I let Dragonfly through the gate. He runs over the grass and then goes down on his back for a good roll.

I take the silver cup to put on the mantelpiece. "That will remind you of your successful gymkhana day," says Jane.

"Yes," I reply. "And of another new friend, brave young Susan."

Sindy was looking forward to a quiet camping holiday. The weathermen had forecast warm and sunny weather, which was why she had left her caravan behind and was towing her trailer.

Sindy had set out in the sunshine, but now the sky was overcast. A few miles on, spots of rain appeared on the windscreen of Sindy's Range Rover.

"A passing shower, I hope," she murmured, as she switched on the windscreen wipers. "It's sure to be fine by the time I reach Sunnybrook Farm!"

The rain did not stop, however. If anything, it got heavier. "This could put a damper on my camping," she mused. "Perhaps I'd have been wiser to bring the caravan!"

She passed some cyclists riding against the rain, their bikes loaded down with camping gear. "At least I will be dry when I arrive," sighed Sindy.

By the time Sindy drove through Haverstock, it was pouring down. "Only another five miles to go. It doesn't look as if it is going to stop!"

It was then that she saw the girl trudging along with a heavy grip and a guitar on her back.

"Poor thing! She must be drenched!" gasped Sindy. "I'd better stop and offer her a lift!"

Sindy told her where she was going. "Hop in if it will be of any use to you!"

The grateful girl climbed in with her things. She looked 'washed out'. "It's the rain!" she smiled. "I'll be fine once I get to the Brownie camp and get out of these wet things!"

The camp she was heading for was not more than a mile beyond Sunnybrook Farm.

"I will take you all the way," said Sindy. "I think we ought to stop off at Sunnybrook. The sooner you get out of those wet clothes the better!"

"Thanks! But I should have been at the camp hours ago! Brown Owl will be all of a dither. She has got to get back to town. She can't leave until I arrive. Perhaps I could change in the back while you carry on driving," the girl suggested.

The girl soon changed. "I hope I haven't made your Range Rover too damp," she said when she had clambered back into the front seat. Sindy said not to worry, and told her to leave her wet things. She was sure the farmer's wife would not mind drying them out in her kitchen.

There was no doubt about how popular the girl was with the six Brownies she had come to take charge of. They came skipping round the Range Rover in the rain.

"Hooray! Tawny Owl is here! We're going to have a super week!"



Brown Owl was not so happy. She had missed the bus and looked like missing her train.

Sindy came to her rescue by offering to drive her to the station after calling in at the farm. Both Sindy and Brown Owl were invited in to tea, and the farmer's wife promised to have Tawny Owl's clothes dry by the time Sindy got back from the station.

Brown Owl was a bit worried about leaving her Brownies. "They can be very trying at times, especially when the weather is bad," she said. "Not my idea of a rest after a spell of night duty in a hospital. I thought young Pam looked a bit pecky. I do hope she can cope!"

"I am sure she can," replied Sindy, and promised to lend a hand if she was needed.

It was still raining when Sindy returned from the station.

"Got a spare bed upstairs if you don't fancy setting up your tent in the wet," said Farmer Lee.



"The young lady's clothes are dry," said the farmer's wife. "She must have been soaked right through to her skin, poor thing!"

The rain seemed to be easing off now and Sindy decided to return the clothes before setting up her tent. "Maybe it will have stopped altogether by then," she said.

Six very worried Brownies met Sindy when she arrived.

"Where is Tawny Owl?"

"In her tent," their leader replied. "I don't think she is feeling very well, Miss! She said she wanted to lie down for ten minutes. That was about an hour ago!"

Sindy entered the damp tent. The girl was asleep on top of her sleeping bag.

Sindy did not like the look of her. She slipped out of the tent and got a rug out of the Range Rover to put over her. Sindy had to do some quick thinking. She ordered the bewildered Brownies to get in the Range Rover.

"What for, Miss?"

"I'm taking you to Sunnybrook while things are sorted out. Your Tawny Owl is in no

condition to look after you!"

"Is she very ill, Miss?"

"She will be if she stays in that damp tent! The quicker I get you to the farm the sooner I can get a doctor to her, and find out what is wrong with her! Please get a move on!" replied Sindy.

Farmer Lee and his wife were very busy people, but not too busy to assist in any way they could. Mrs Lee took charge of the Brownies, while Farmer Lee went with Sindy to fetch the doctor.

"I don't think it is anything too serious," the doctor said when he emerged from the tent," but she cannot stay in there. She needs a few days in bed where it is warm and dry!"

"We've a spare bed at Sunnybrook," suggested Farmer Lee.

"I can't go!" protested the girl as Farmer Lee carried her to the Range Rover. "I must stay to look after the Brownies."

"They've already been taken care of by Miss Sindy," said Farmer Lee. "Don't you worry your pretty head. We'll get things sorted out. First we must get you back to the farmhouse!"

The Brownies were sipping mugs of cocoa when they arrived back at the farmhouse. While Farmer Lee carried Tawny Owl up to her room, Sindy put their minds at ease.

"She will be well again in a few days provided she has proper rest," she said.

"Who is going to look after us in the meantime, Miss, or have we got to go back home?" their leader asked.

"I'll look after you until your Tawny Owl is well enough or Brown Owl returns to take you home. So drink up your cocoa, and we'll get back to camp! We've just time to set up my tent, and then it's off to bed!"

"No sing-song, Miss?"

"That depends on you," smiled Sindy.

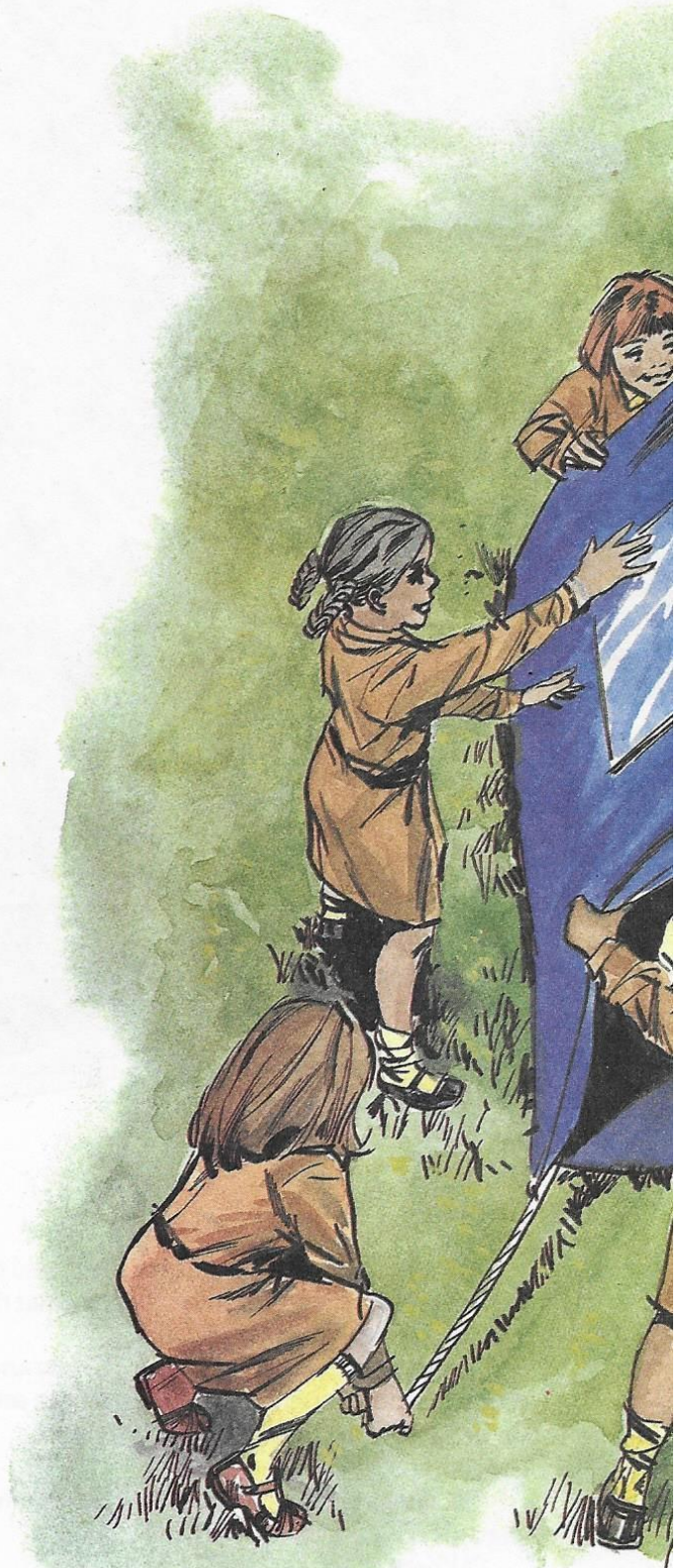
"Coo! What a super tent you've got," said the Brownies, when they had helped Sindy put it up. "We wish we could sleep in it!"

"Maybe some other night some of you might. Tonight we'll have our sing-song in it, and work out what we will do tomorrow!"

With the sing-song over and the Brownies tucked up in their sleeping bags, Sindy was more than ready to crawl into hers.

"Brown Owl wasn't joking when she said they need a lot of coping with," she yawned, and thinking of the girl up at the farmhouse, fell off to sleep.

Sindy awoke to a bright sunny morning. Already the air was warming. Because of the crisis the night before there was very little water for washing. Just enough for cooking. The Brownies did not mind one bit, but Sindy did.





She marched them to a nearby freshwater spring she knew of, where after using the plastic bowls to rinse the soap off, allowed them to splash around in the stream to their hearts' delight.

"Coo! Can we do that tomorrow, Miss?" they asked as they trooped back.

"If we do I must remember to wear my bikini," laughed Sindy. "Please try and stay clean until we call at the farmhouse. I don't want Tawny Owl to think I can't look after you!"

Thanks to her camping equipment, Sindy was able to cope with the cooking quite easily. According to the Brownies her cooking was far better than Brown Owl's, and about as good as Tawny's.

Tawny Owl was feeling much better when they called at the farmhouse.

"The doctor called this morning? He said if I carried on at this rate I could be up in a couple of days. I don't know how I can thank you and the farmer and his wife enough," she said.

"The Brownies are helping to repay their kindness," said Sindy. "They are helping around the farm by collecting the eggs, and feeding the hens and calves. It was their idea not mine."

They stayed on the farm for the rest of the day. They were given a picnic tea, and were also tubbed and scrubbed before returning to their camp.

They came back to the farm next day to help with the hay.

"It can't be much of a holiday for you," said Tawny Owl when Sindy called in to see her before leaving.

"I'm enjoying it," smiled Sindy. "I am pleased to hear that you will be well enough to get up tomorrow! I suggest if the weather is fine, and you are feeling up to it, that we all go to the sea the day after."

Tawny Owl agreed.

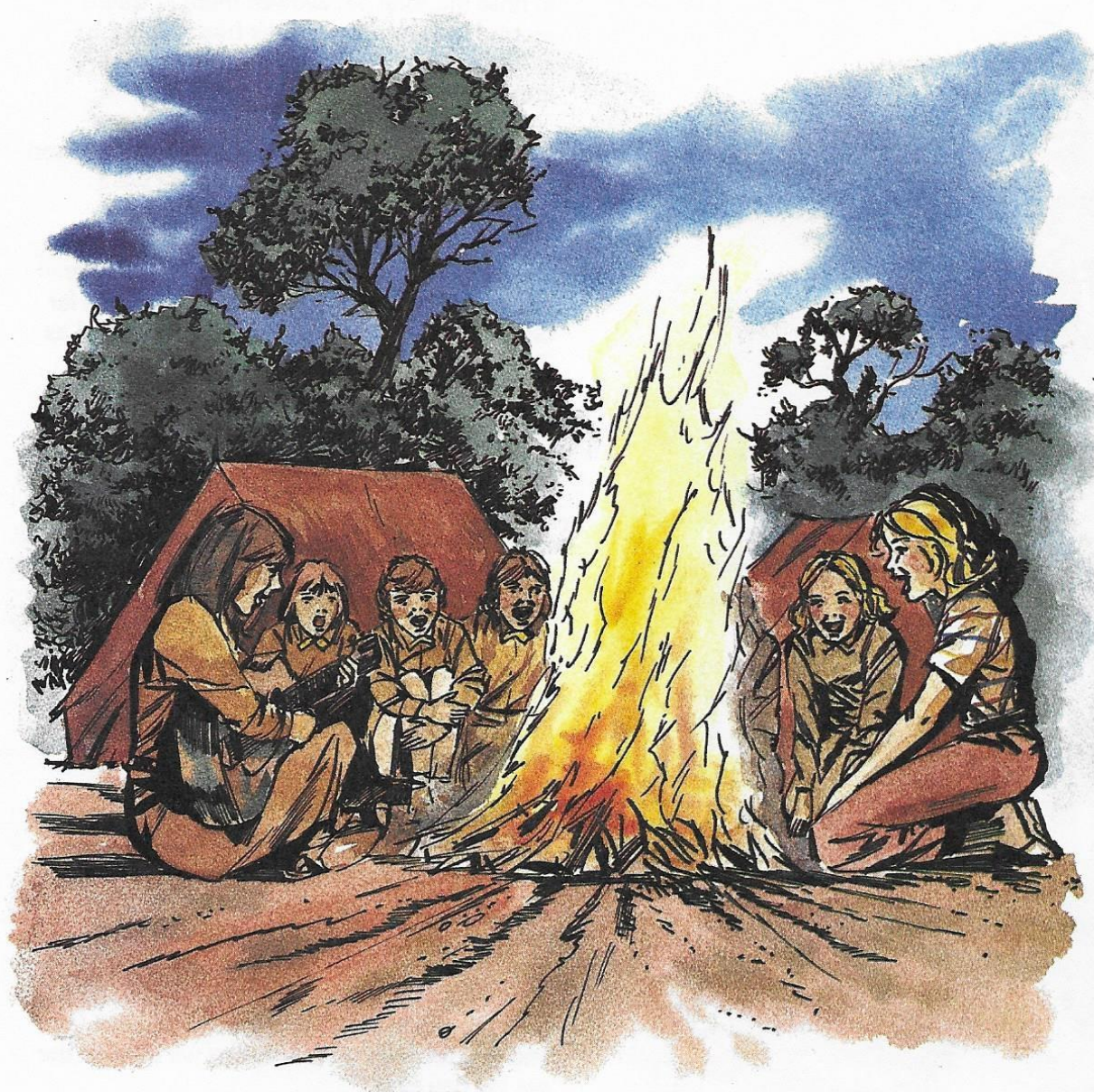
Next day it rained again. As they could not go to the farm, Sindy bundled the Brownies into the Range Rover.

"Where are we going, Miss?"

Sindy smiled. "I'm taking you on a mystery tour!"

She gave the Brownies, a super time. She drove them round the countryside, and took them over a castle, and a big country house. What looked like being a dull day had turned out to be a super one. By the time they had returned to camp, Sindy's charges were ready for bed.

Next day it was bright and sunny again and picking up Tawny Owl, Sindy drove them all in the Range Rover to the seaside. Once again Sindy gave them a wonderful time. When they weren't in the sea they were playing games on the beach, while Tawny Owl was left to sunbathe in peace.



"I think I will be fit enough to take over tomorrow," she told Cindy as they drove back.

"Hear that?" said a voice in the back. "Tawny Owl is going to look after us again. Hooray!"

"What about Miss Cindy? Can't she look after us too?"

Sindy stayed on the following day, helping with the cooking, and joining in the various games, until it was time to pack her trailer and return to Sunnybrook Farm.

"Please come back this evening," Tawny Owl said as she was leaving. "The Brownies want to thank you for all you've done!"

It was to be the Brownies last night under canvas. They would be going home the following day and Sindy was to be their special guest round the camp fire for their last sing-song, accompanied by Tawny Owl on her guitar.

"I suppose it's back to night duty for you at the hospital next week," said Sindy to Tawny Owl as she was leaving.

"No. I've got another week off! Pity the Brownies are leaving tomorrow! If I can talk Brown Owl into letting me borrow her tent I'll see if I can get permission to camp here until it's time to go back."

Sindy smiled. "I've got a better idea! Why don't you come and camp with me? We can share the chores, and you can strum your guitar to your heart's content in the evening."

A week later when Sindy dropped Tawny Owl off at the Nurses Home at the hospital she looked healthy and tanned.

"Thanks, Sindy! That's the best camping holiday I've ever had!"

"Me too," replied Sindy. "Give my love to the Brownies. See you next year!"



Wedding Bells For Cindy

One morning I hear the postman coming and rush to the door. On the doormat is a letter which looks very exciting. Inside the envelope is an invitation to Diana's wedding. I feel so thrilled that I just have to telephone Tracey and ask her if she has received an invitation, too.

"Yes," says Tracey. "It's going to be a very big wedding. What are you going to wear?"


"I'll have to buy a new outfit, as well as a wedding present to give Diana," I tell her, and ask if she will come with me

to help choose everything. "Let's go into town and look around the big department stores."

"I'll be ready in a few minutes," Tracey says.

Going to my wardrobe I pick out a green striped skirt and top to put on. Then I take the Range Rover out of the garage and drive round to Tracey's house. "It's always difficult to find a parking space in town, so we'll go by train today," I tell her, as I drive towards the railway station. We arrive in time to catch the early train, which will give us lots of time for shopping.

The shop windows are full



of lovely dresses and it is very difficult to choose between them. So we go into the very biggest store and I ask one of the assistants if I may try on some of the exclusive designer models. "I need something really smart to wear at a very big wedding," I tell her.

"I will show you a new model that has just come in," says the assistant. She fetches a very smart white skirt and jacket. There is a blue blouse to go with it and a wide-brimmed hat trimmed with blue, to match the blouse.

I try on the outfit in the fitting room, looking in the long mirror to see if it suits me. "You look marvellous in it," cries Tracey, "and it's a perfect fit."

"The hat is very elegant," says the assistant, "and it is the very latest fashion. I don't think you could find anything to suit you better."

"It does look very smart," I admit, and agree to buy it. "Now I'll need some new shoes to wear with it," I tell Tracey.

We go to the shoe department and I try on lots of different pairs. Some I like don't fit properly, and some that fit well are the wrong colour. At last I find some blue ones that match my new outfit, and I walk up and down in them to make sure they don't rub my heels or pinch my toes. "They



are really very comfortable," I tell Tracey. "Now all I need is a new handbag."

At the handbag counter there are dozens of different shapes and sizes from which to choose. I finally pick out a smart black shoulder bag. "I like this best," I tell Tracey.

When the bag has been wrapped we both decided we are very thirsty, so we take the lift to the roof-top restaurant and order coffee and chocolate cake.

"What will you buy Diana for a wedding present?" Tracey asks as we sit at one of the tables.

"It will have to be something really nice, because Diana has been a friend for a long time," I tell her. "I know Diana and her boyfriend, David, love dancing to pop music, so perhaps they'd like a record player. Let's go down to the audio department and see what they have there."

In the audio department we see a super music centre. An assistant offers to demonstrate it. "It has a radio, hi-fi table and two speakers," he points out, "and two favourite records are included as well."

"I'm sure Diana and David will like that," Tracey says, as I arrange for it to be giftwrapped and delivered direct to Diana's address.

"I wish I was getting married

myself," I tell her, as we stop to look at the wedding dresses in the bridal boutique. There is a beautiful wedding gown displayed on a model. It is made of white brocade, with lace frills on the bodice and skirt. "That's the dress I would love to wear."

"It is fabulous," agrees Tracey.

"I wonder what kind of dress Diana will choose?" I ask Tracey, as we travel home on the train. I still keep thinking about the gorgeous wedding gown we've seen in the department store.

On the night before the wedding I go to bed early because I want to look my best for tomorrow. I snuggle down and soon fall asleep, but it seems no time before the sun is streaming through my bedroom window and I can hear church bells in the distance.

"Goodness, I must be late!" I gasp, and slip quickly out of bed. Then I have a big surprise, for hanging in my wardrobe is the wedding dress I saw in the bridal boutique. I just can't resist trying it on. It looks wonderful.

Then I go to the window and see my dapple grey horse, Dragonfly, waiting with the gig, to take me to the church. Almost like magic, I find myself sitting in the gig and Dragonfly is racing like the wind, while the





bells ring louder and louder...

Suddenly, Dragonfly, the gig and the dress vanish, and I find myself back in bed with the bells ringing out on the alarm clock-radio. It's not my wedding day, it's Diana's, and I realise it was all a dream.

Now I have to get dressed for the real-wedding, and when I open my wardrobe, there is the smart two-piece and hat that I bought especially for Diana's wedding. When I arrive, Tracey and my other friends crowd round to admire my new outfit, and I feel quite the best dressed guest at the wedding.

Then we all wait for the bride to arrive, and at last Diana appears. She is wearing a lovely wedding dress, and she makes a very beautiful bride.

Everyone has a lovely time at the reception and when the cake has been cut, we all toast the bride and groom. Just before she changes into her going-away outfit, Diana tosses her bouquet into the air. All my friends hope they'll be lucky enough to catch it, but it falls into my outstretched arms. "Sindy, you've caught the bouquet," says Tracey enviously, "so wedding bells will ring for you next."

I smile at her, feeling very happy. "Then you can be my bridesmaid, Tracey," I promise ●

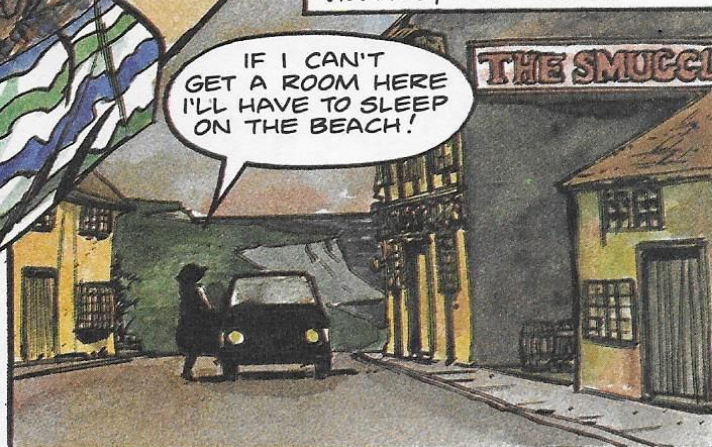
Sindy's Cornish Adventure



"THE FASHION EDITOR HAD SUGGESTED A CORNISH BACKGROUND TO SHOW OFF THE CLOTHES. SHE WANTED THE MODELS POSED WITH THE VILLAGERS DRESSED UP AS SMUGGLERS OF OLD..."



"BY THE TIME I ARRIVED, THE ONLY GUEST HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE, WAS FULL..."



"THE LANDLORD WAS A BIT RELUCTANT UNTIL HE HEARD OF MY PLIGHT..."



"THE INN USED TO BE THE HAUNT OF SMUGGLERS, AND ACCORDING TO THE LANDLORD WAS STILL HAUNTED BY ONE WHO HAD PAID FOR HIS MISDEEDS..."



"BUT IT WASN'T THE SOUND OF GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS THAT WOKE ME IN THE NIGHT..."



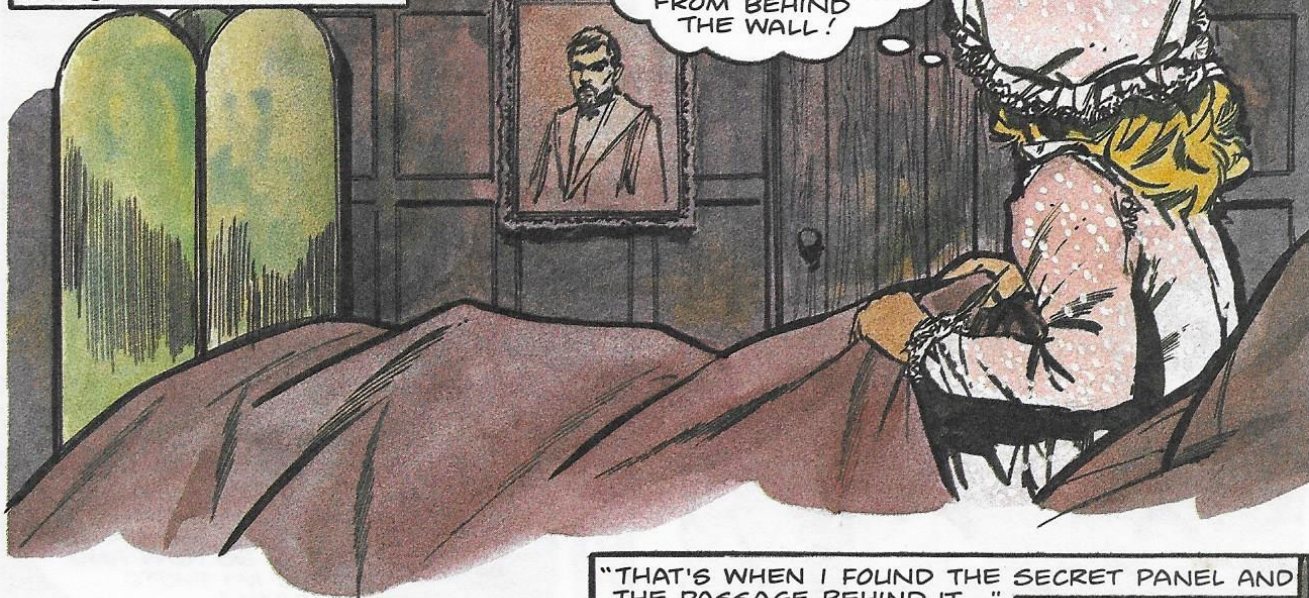
NOTHING FOR IT!
I MUST TRY AND
STOP THAT WINDOW
FROM RATTLING!



YOU
WHAT?

KEEP 'E
VOICE DOWN!

"THEN, SOON AFTER I HAD
GOT BACK INTO BED..."



THE PHANTOM
FOOTSTEPS! THEY
SEEM TO BE COMING
FROM BEHIND
THE WALL!

"THE FOOTSTEPS PAUSED AND THEN
MOVED ON AGAIN..."



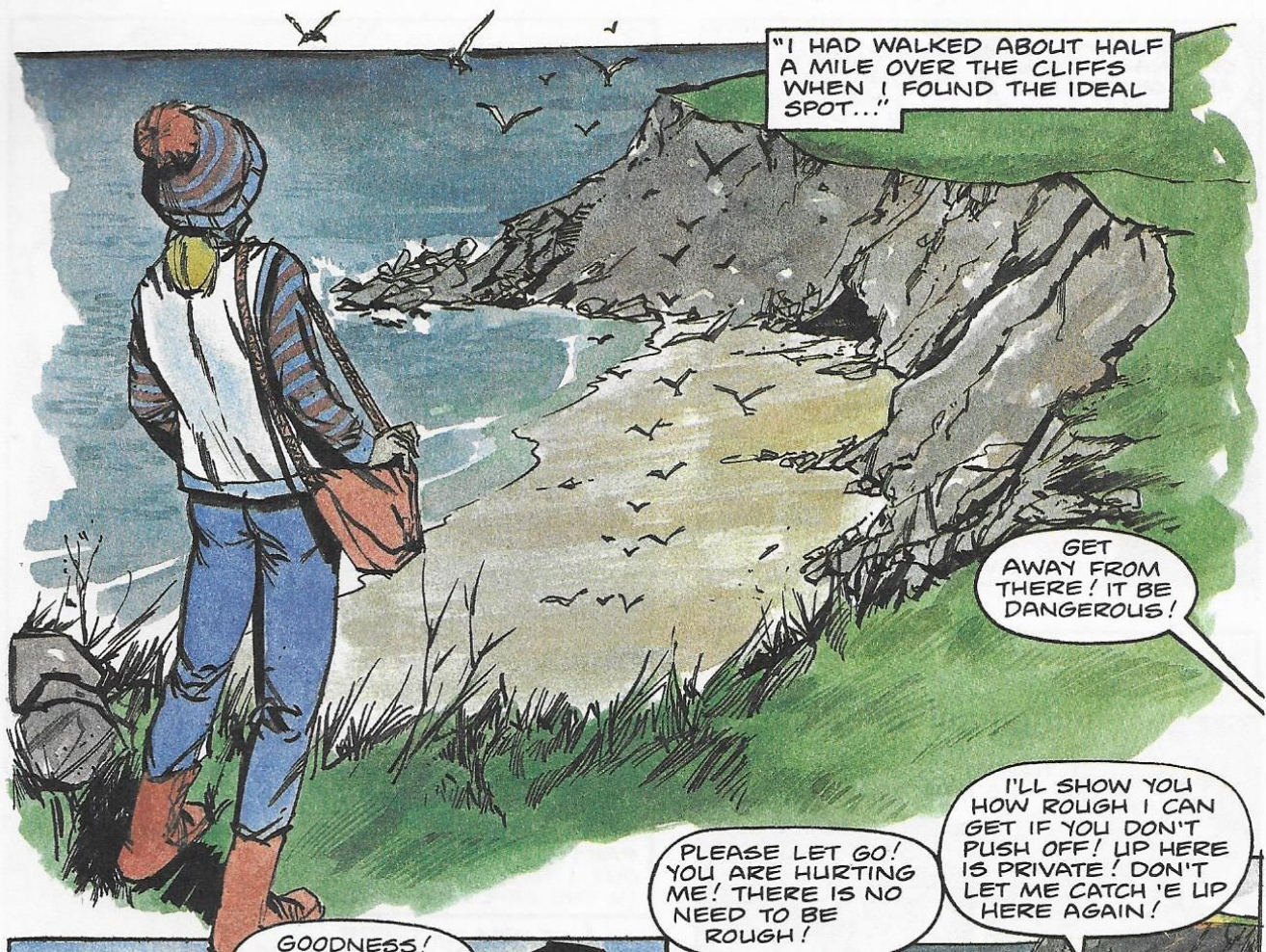
THE FOOTSTEPS
DON'T BOTHER ME
BUT THAT PICTURE
GIVES ME THE
CREEPS! I'LL PUT
THE SCREEN IN
FRONT OF IT!

"THAT'S WHEN I FOUND THE SECRET PANEL AND
THE PASSAGE BEHIND IT..."



GOODNESS!

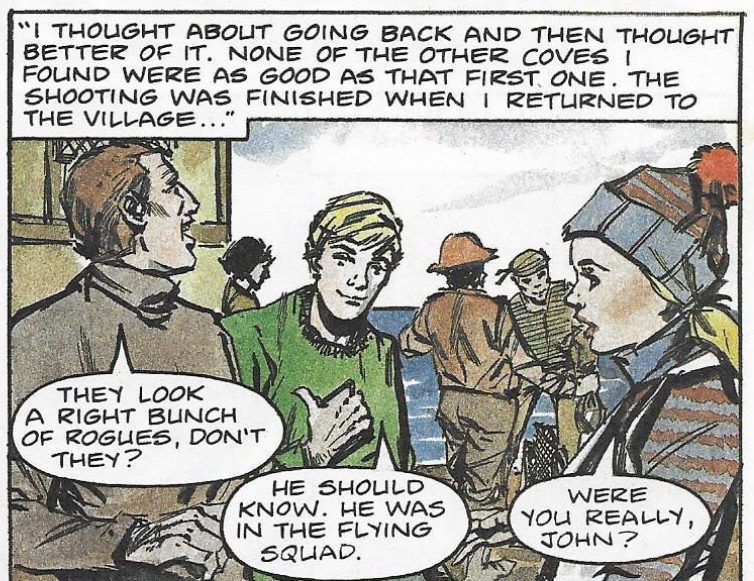


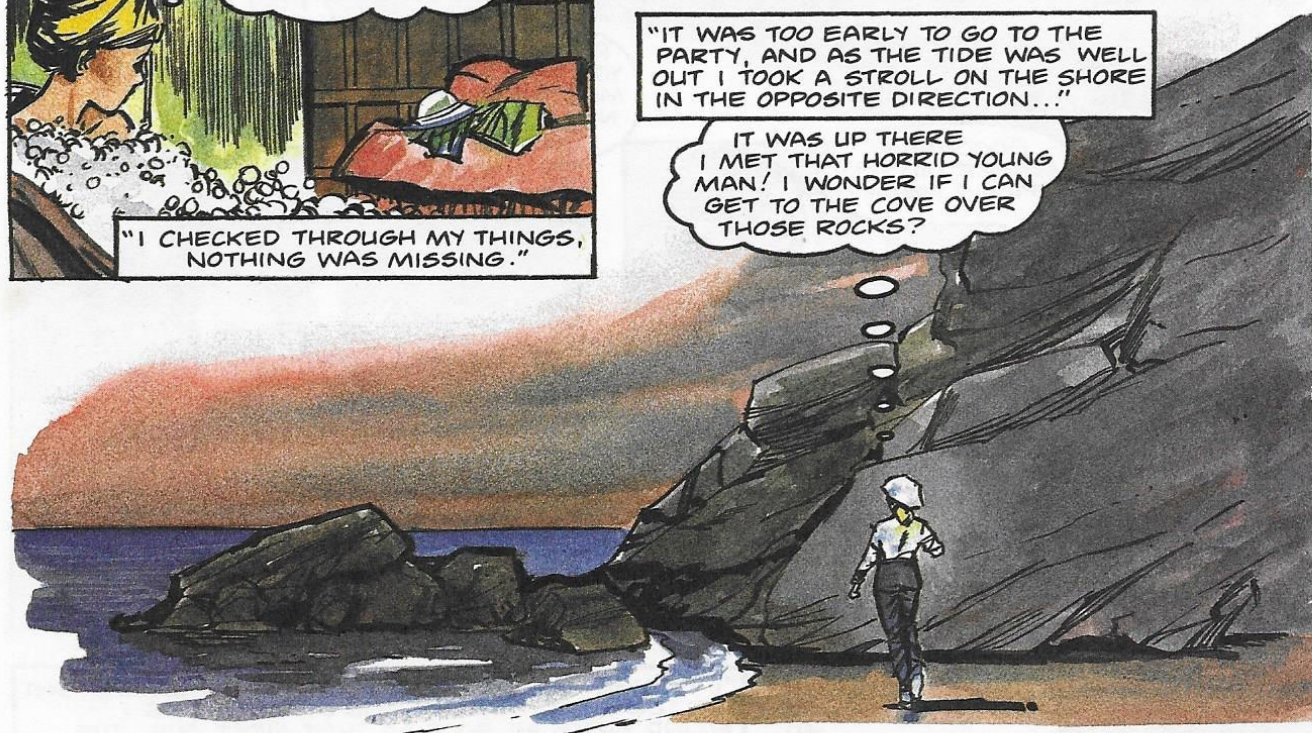
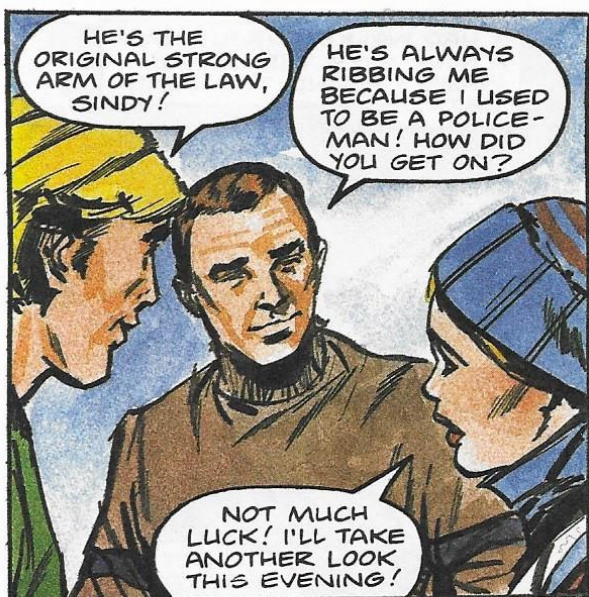


GET AWAY FROM THERE! IT BE DANGEROUS!

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW ROUGH I CAN GET IF YOU DON'T PUSH OFF! UP HERE IS PRIVATE! DON'T LET ME CATCH 'E UP HERE AGAIN!

PLEASE LET GO! YOU ARE HURTING ME! THERE IS NO NEED TO BE ROUGH!







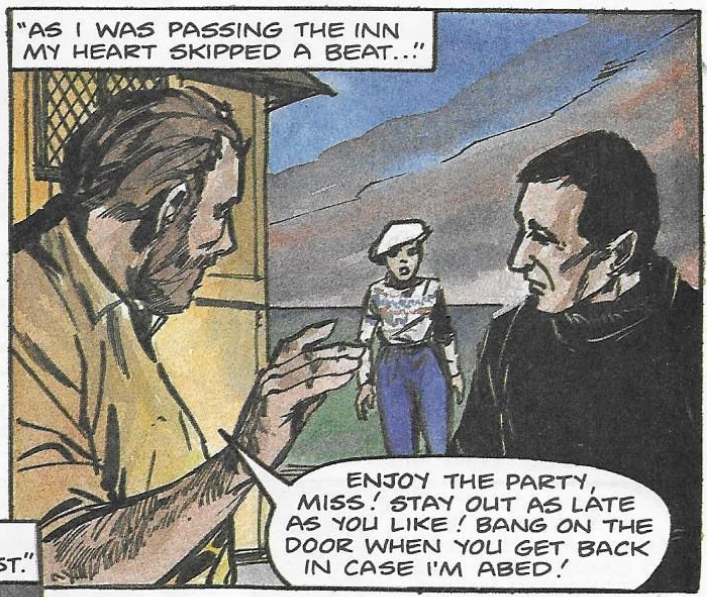
WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?

IF SHE'S IN THE ROOM SHE'LL HAVE TO COME TOO! GET JAKE TO HELP YOU!

GOODNESS! HE MEANS ME!



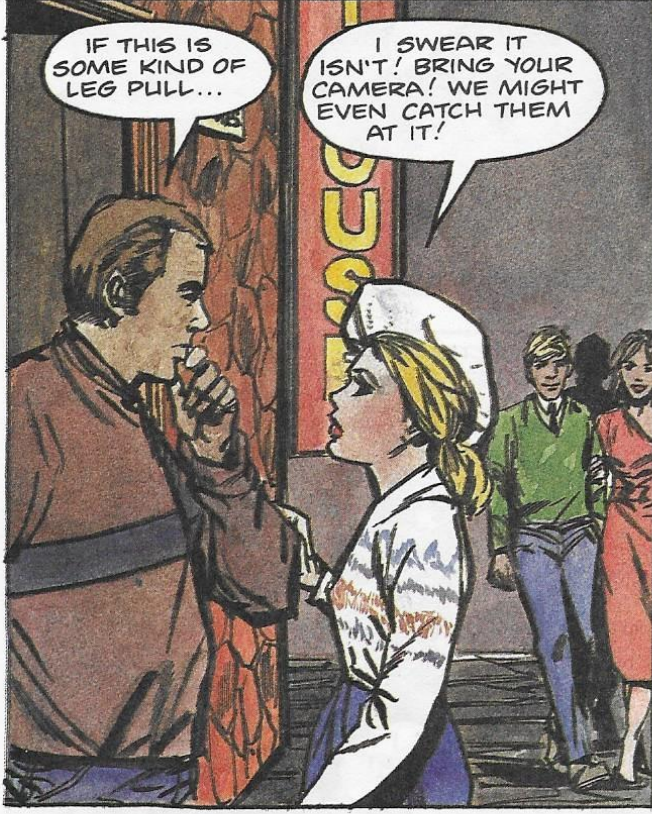
I'LL TELL BIG JOHN! HE'LL KNOW WHO TO TELL AND WHAT TO DO!



"AS I WAS PASSING THE INN MY HEART SKIPPED A BEAT..."

ENJOY THE PARTY, MISS! STAY OUT AS LATE AS YOU LIKE! BANG ON THE DOOR WHEN YOU GET BACK IN CASE I'M ABED!

"WHEN I TOLD BIG JOHN WHAT WAS GOING ON I DON'T THINK HE BELIEVED ME AT FIRST."



IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF LEG PULL...

I SWEAR IT ISN'T! BRING YOUR CAMERA! WE MIGHT EVEN CATCH THEM AT IT!

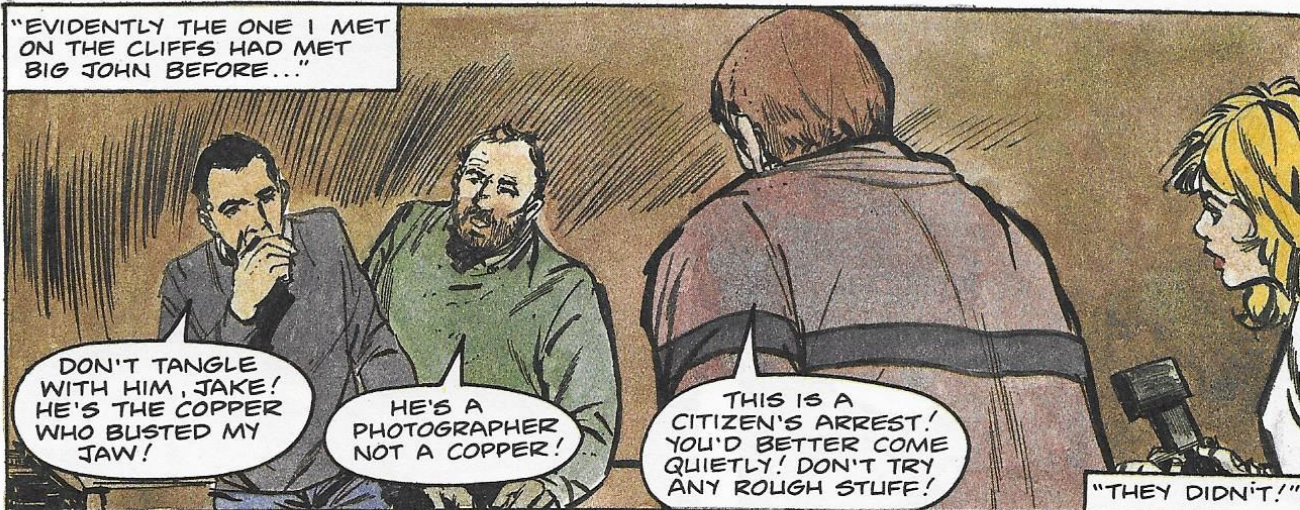


"WE DID NOT BANG THE DOOR WHEN WE GOT BACK. WE CREPT UP TO THE ROOM LIKE A PAIR OF CHURCH MICE..."

SOMEONE IS IN THERE, SINDY! GET A PICTURE IF YOU CAN!



"EVIDENTLY THE ONE I MET ON THE CLIFFS HAD MET BIG JOHN BEFORE..."



DON'T TANGLE WITH HIM, JAKE! HE'S THE COPPER WHO BUSTED MY JAW!

HE'S A PHOTOGRAPHER NOT A COPPER!

THIS IS A CITIZEN'S ARREST! YOU'D BETTER COME QUIETLY! DON'T TRY ANY ROUGH STUFF!

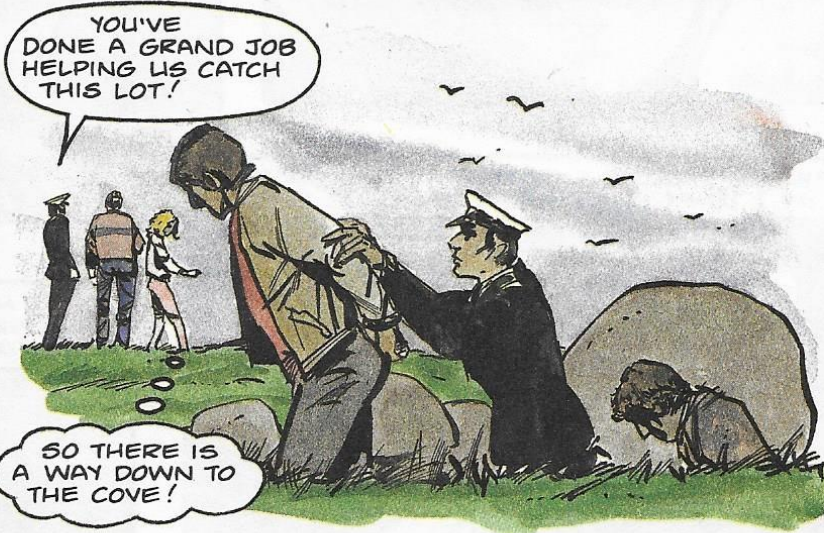
"THEY DIDN'T!"

"IT WAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF BEACH PARTY BIG JOHN AND I ATTENDED THAT NIGHT..."



SMUGGLIN' AIN'T WHAT IT WAS, MISS! PEOPLE USED TO SMUGGLE THINGS IN. THIS LOT WERE SHIPPING STOLEN PROPERTY OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

YOU'VE DONE A GRAND JOB HELPING US CATCH THIS LOT!



SO THERE IS A WAY DOWN TO THE COVE!

"THERE WAS ALSO A SECRET WAY INTO THE INN..."



IT'S LIKE A FRIDGE DOWN HERE! THE DRAUGHT MUST COME UP THAT TUNNEL!

NO WONDER I WAS COLD IN JUST MY NIGHTIE LAST NIGHT!

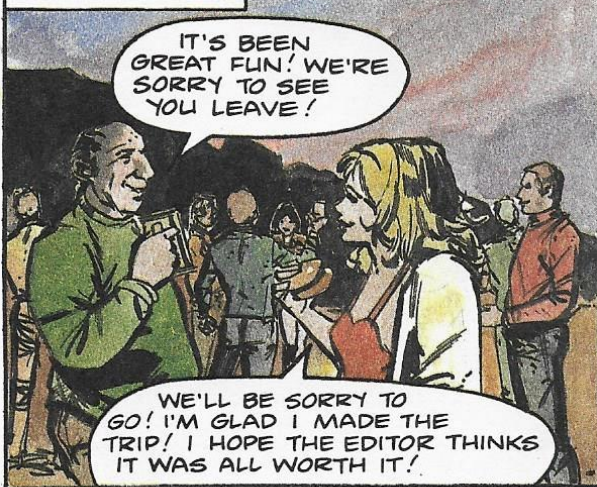
"I SLEPT LIKE A TOP IN THE ROOM THAT NIGHT, AND THE FOLLOWING DAY WE ALL WENT DOWN TO THE COVE..."



I THINK I PREFER THE OLD TIME SMUGGLERS TO THE MODERN DAY ONES!

PERHAPS THE OLD'NS WOULD PREFER TO BE MODERN ONES! I KNOW I WOULD WITH ALL THESE PRETTY YOUNG LADIES!

"THAT NIGHT WE HAD ANOTHER BEACH PARTY. EVERYONE WHO HAD TAKEN PART WAS INVITED..."



IT'S BEEN GREAT FUN! WE'RE SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE!

WE'LL BE SORRY TO GO! I'M GLAD I MADE THE TRIP! I HOPE THE EDITOR THINKS IT WAS ALL WORTH IT!

"THE FASHION EDITOR WAS DELIGHTED WITH BIG JOHN'S PICTURES..."



SUPERB! JUST THE JOB, JOHN! PITY WE'VE NO PICTURES OF SINDY—GOODNESS! WHO ARE THESE TWO?

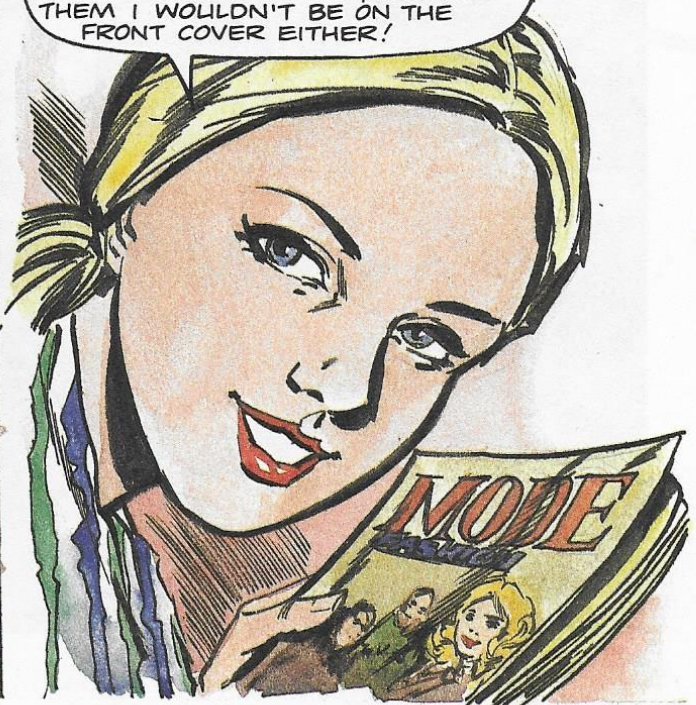
ER—I TOOK THAT ONE! THEY'RE REAL SMUGGLERS!



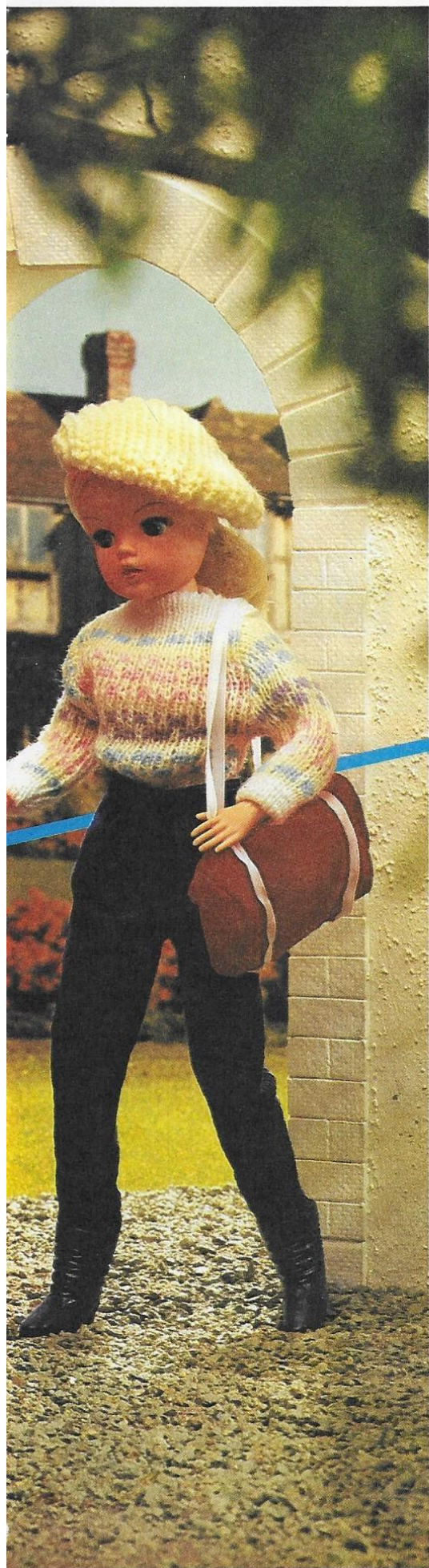
YOUR NEXT JOB! I WANT THESE TWO ON THE COVER STARING WIDE-EYED AT SINDY IN HER STUNNING BEST!

ME ON THE COVER OF MODE?

PERHAPS I OUGHT TO BUY A COUPLE OF COPIES TO SEND TO THE LANDLORD AND HIS PAL, BUT FOR THEM I WOULDN'T BE ON THE FRONT COVER EITHER!







"Tell me, Sindy, how do you manage to do so much?" asks Jackie, one of the reporters helping me with this magazine. "How do you spend a typical day?"

"So many exciting things are happening to me all the time that it's difficult to pick out one day," I tell her. "But if you'd like to spend tomorrow with me, you can record everything I do, for our readers."

"I just hope I can keep up with you, Sindy," laughs Jackie.

Early in the morning I wake to soothing music from my alarm clock radio. It has already automatically made my morning coffee, so I pour out a cup and while I am drinking it, look at my appointments diary.

Later this morning I have to

go to the dance studio, and tonight I am giving a party for some of my friends. But most important, I have to post Elizabeth's birthday present and send her a card.

The sun is already shining brightly, so I jump out of bed, take a quick shower and then pull on some jeans and a plaid blouse. Before making my own breakfast, I go out to the stable and give Dragonfly his early morning feed. Then I hurry back to the kitchen, take a can of orange juice from the fridge and start to cook breakfast. By this time Jackie has arrived, so I put another egg in the pan for her.

"I'll wash up," offers Jackie, so I start hoovering to make sure everything is spick and span for the party tonight. Then I go to my desk and make out a shopping list. Crisps, biscuits, apples, grapes . . . I try to think of all the different things my friends enjoy.

'Many Happy Returns of the Day,' I write in Elizabeth's birthday card, and start to wrap up her present. This is an overnight beauty case containing a hairbrush, comb and mirror as well as lipstick, nail colour and face powder. There is also room for anything else she may need while travelling, so I'm sure she will like it.

Now I must post it, so after putting on my red cycling gear and crash helmet, I wheel out my motorbike from the garage. The parcel for Elizabeth fits into the front basket. "This won't take long," I call to Jackie, and zoom off towards the post office.

Once the parcel is safely stamped and posted I go into the supermarket, looking at my list as I collect the different items from the shelves. I have almost finished when I spot a big strawberry gateau in the freezer section. It looks delicious, so that goes into the basket, too.

"You must be having a party," exclaims Kim, the check-out girl. "That's our largest-size gateau!"

"You've guessed right," I laugh. "Some special friends are coming round tonight."

"Have a nice time," she calls after me, as I hurry out of the shop. Now I have to hurry back to the house because it's nearly time to go to the dance studio.

Putting the strawberry gateau in the fridge I tell Jackie, "now I want to dress up a bit because we shall be lunching at the health food bar later." Dashing up to my bedroom I choose my 'French Connection' outfit from the wardrobe. This has trousers, sweater and a cute beret which



I wear on the side of my head. It looks *very* chic! My dancing costume has to go in a tote bag, so that I can change at the studio.

Jackie comes with me to 'Peaches', the dance studio and keep fit gymnasium run by Penny Peaches. While Jackie watches the other girls being put through their routines by Penny Peaches, the dancing instructress, I go to the changing room to put on my brightly striped leotard.

Penny is arranging a dance exhibition soon, so I have to get my routine exactly right. After a few limbering-up exercises I go into my own special routine, with Penny watching for any mistakes. "You're coming along well," approves Penny. "You just need that extra bit of snap and sparkle that will give your dance a really professional polish."

"Penny's never completely satisfied until she's got the last bit of effort out of her pupils," I tell Jackie, and persuade her to join me on some of the keep-fit equipment. After pedalling a few 'miles' on the exercise bicycles and trying out the dumbbells, we relax at last on the sun beds. "This will give us a tan before we go on holiday," I say, peering at Jackie through the protective sun-glasses.

"It's time now to go down to the 'Peaches' health food bar, where we choose a crisp salad and join some of my friends who come here regularly. "This has become the 'in' place," they explain to Jackie, "because dancing is

such a fun way of keeping fit!"

The moment we get back home again the phone rings. It's my Great-Aunt Seraphina. "Stop whatever you're doing and come here at once," she orders. "Your new ball gown has arrived from Paris."

Great-Aunt always expects to be obeyed immediately (which can sometimes be rather awkward), but as she's marvellous at organising things for people, she usually gets her own way. As we drive over to her house in the Range Rover I explain to Jackie that I'm going to a masked ball next week. "It's being held for charity, and a lot of famous people will be there. I couldn't think what to wear, but Great-Aunt Seraphina, who's half-French, found the solution. She's had a

jewels to wear with it. You will look magnificent!"

"How thrilling," exclaims Jackie. "I must get a photograph when you go to the ball. It will look marvellous in the magazine."

"We'll arrange that with the photographer," I tell her, as we drive back to my house. "But now I've got to think about my party. I'll need your help to get everything ready."

We work hard in the kitchen preparing the food, and then set the table with plates and cutlery. "Put the hot dishes in the hostess trolley, and they'll keep warm until we're ready to serve them," I tell Jackie. So with Jackie's help, everything is

done in good time.

dress copied for me like the one she wore to a masquerade in Paris when she was young."

We are shown into the drawing-room where Great-Aunt Seraphina is sitting. She asks her maid to bring the dress, which is packed in a large box. It is taken from its tissue paper packing and spread out to show us. It is a gown of white silk and lace, with a wide, tiered skirt and deep red sash. There is a matching cape and an elegant fan to go with it. As a final touch, there is a black fancy-dress mask.

I try it on to please Great-Aunt, holding the mask up to my eyes, which makes me look very mysterious. Great-Aunt Seraphina claps her hands and cries: "I will lend you my family

done in good time.

I go to the bathroom and turn on the taps, adding some bubble bath to the water so that I can enjoy a nice, long soak. Then I sit at my dressing-table and put on some glamorous make-up, using make-up pencils. I brush my hair so that it curls softly onto my shoulders, before putting on my party dress and fishnet tights.

Ready at last I go downstairs, switch on the lights and turn up the music. There is a ring at the doorbell as my first guests arrive.

Now the party is in full swing, and Jackie helps to hand round the food while some of the guests start dancing. Everyone is enjoying themselves, and I can see the strawberry gateau is a great favourite. So stay around and enjoy yourselves while I grab a slice — after all it is my party! ●

Sindy's Unexpected Guests

"If I don't get a job soon I will forget what it is I do for a living!" said a sad voice on the other end of the phone.

"You'll soon remember when you get here!" replied Sindy. "I am really looking forward to our weekend, Lindy. The weather will cheer you up! Isn't it fantastic? I am about to go out in the garden and sunbathe, and have a dip in the pool. Don't worry! I've done all the preparing for your stay. Look forward to seeing you soon. Bye for now, Lindy."

The last time Lindy visited Sindy, both of them had been very busy redecorating Sindy's house throughout. It looked super. "Lindy certainly knows her job," Sindy said to herself, looking around her kitchen before stepping out into the sun.

Sindy was soon lying on her tummy soaking up the sun. But for the humming of the insects and the striking of the clock in the village, there wasn't another sound until . . .

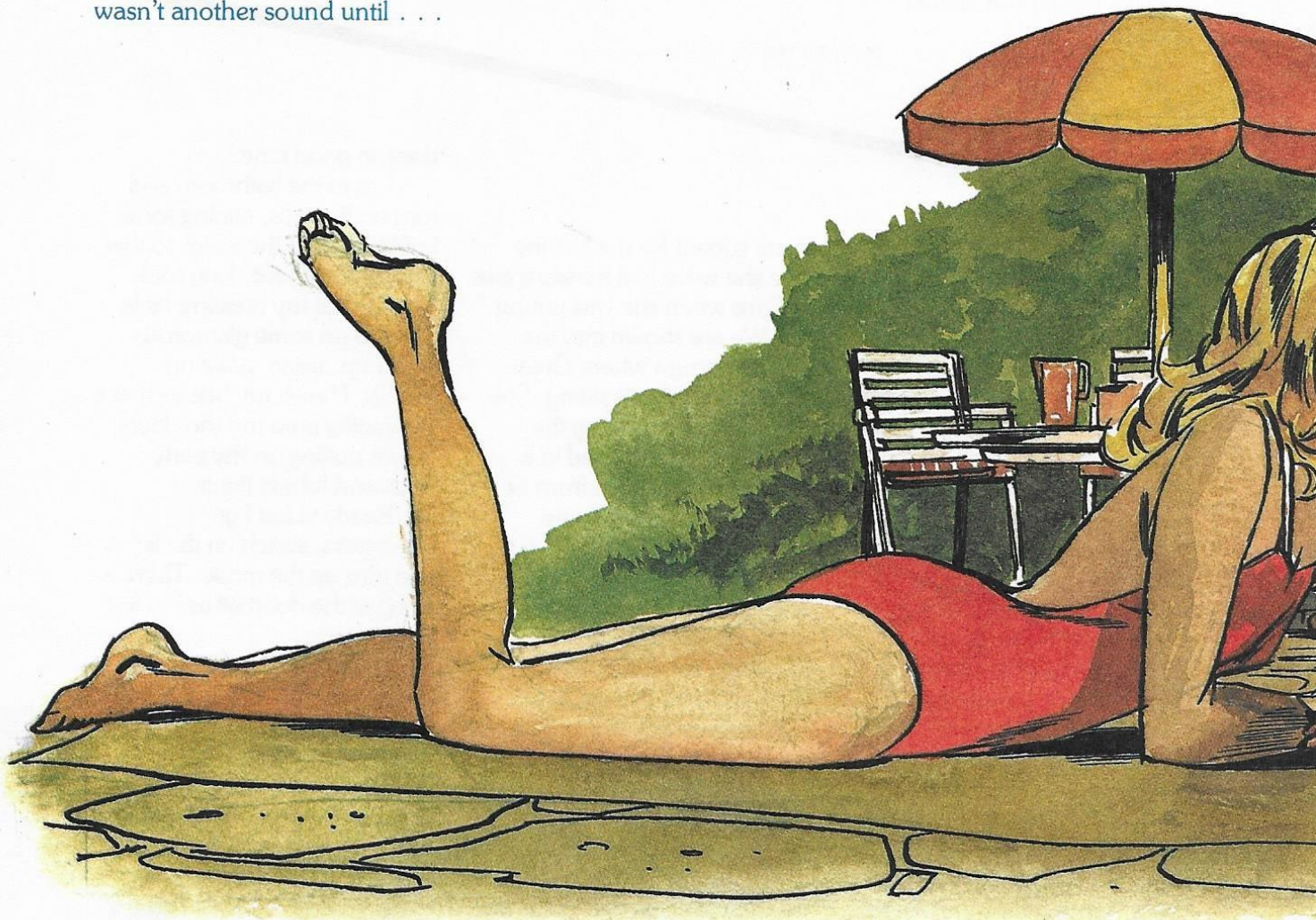
It was a strange sound, like heavy breathing, then silence, and then more heavy breaths.

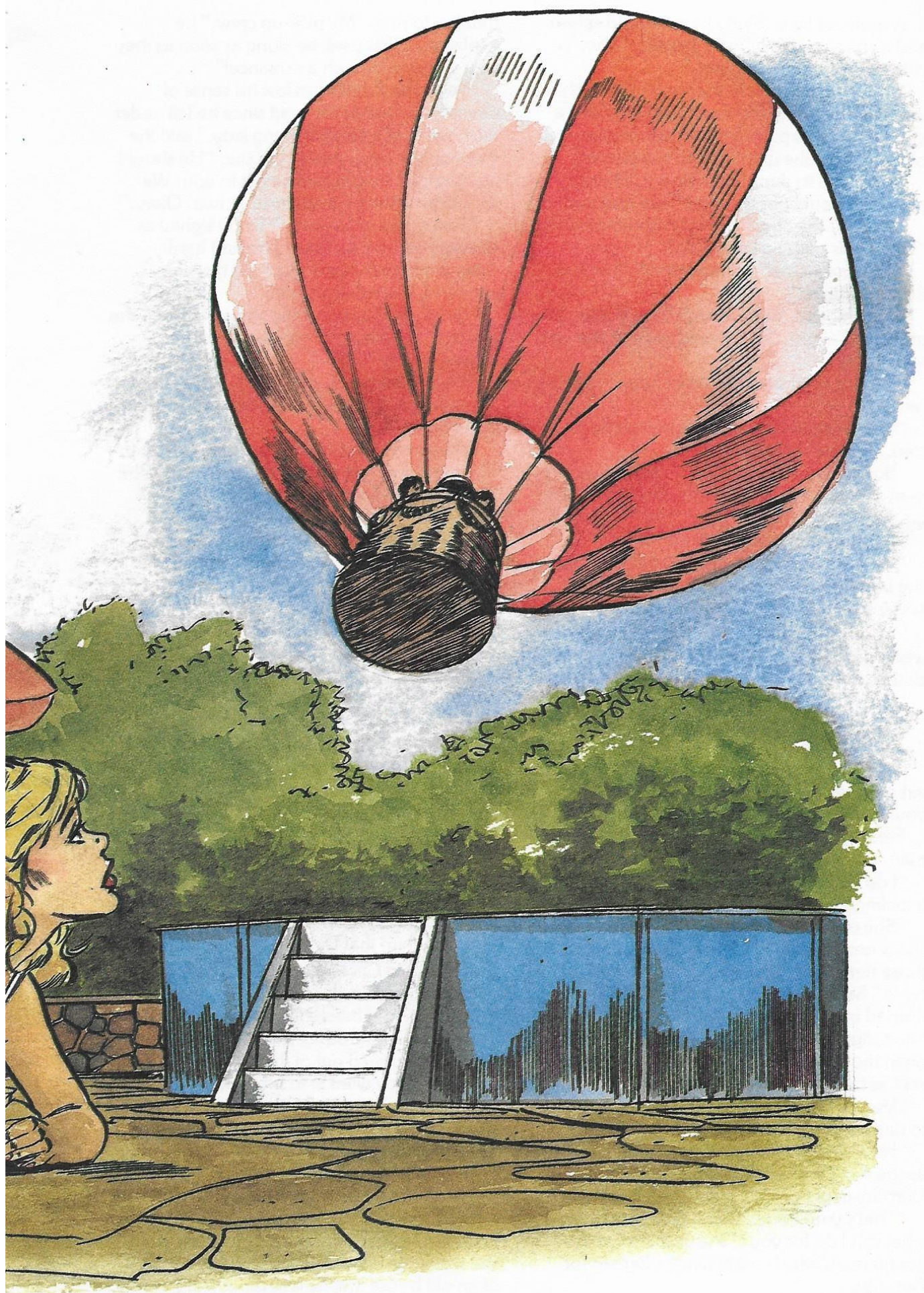
"Whatever is it?" thought Sindy.

Then the sun seemed to go in. "How can it when there isn't a cloud in the sky?" Then Sindy saw the big hot air balloon looming over the roof of the house.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "It's coming down in the garden!"

Another woosh and the balloon lifted a little. Sindy watched it drift over her and skim the trees at the end of the paddock. "Hold tight!" she heard one of the two occupants in the basket shout as it disappeared from her sight.





A moment later, Cindy heard a loud splash and a scream. "Golly!" she gasped. "They've come down in the old pond."

Cindy hurried over to the pond. When she arrived, the big silk bag was collapsing, and a young man was pulling his girl companion out of the water. She didn't sound too pleased.

"Trust you to dump me into the filthiest pond you could possibly find!" she snapped.

"S-sorry, Dorothy!" blurted her companion. "There was nothing I could do!"

"Just look at me!" she screamed. "Look at the mess I'm in."

Cindy looked. Even though the girl was very grimy and angry, Cindy could see that she was very pretty.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" asked Cindy.

"Get me out of these smelly coveralls, for a start," the girl replied.

"Sorry if we disturbed you," said the young man. "We had to come down. No fuel for the burners . . ."

His pretty companion cut him short.

"You can make your excuses to her when she has dealt with me! Urrgh! I can feel it seeping through!"

"You may take a shower or a bath if you wish!" said Cindy. "I am sure I can find some clothes to lend you!"

"Good!" said the girl, starting to walk off.

"Hey! What about lending a hand first?" said the young man.

"No way. You and your stupid balloon," the girl snapped back. "It's had it and so have you!"

Cindy began to feel sorry for the young man.

"I do apologise for Dorothy," he said. "She is inclined to walk over people!"

"She can walk over people if she likes but she is not walking all over my clean house in those dirty things! Excuse me! I'll be right back." Cindy snatched up her wrap as she hurried back after Dorothy. "If you wouldn't mind slipping your things off and putting this on in the kitchen, I'd be much obliged," Cindy said as tactfully as she could.

"Very well," replied the girl. "Be so good as to unzip me!"

"How snooty can you get?" thought Cindy as she went back to the pond, having left Dorothy to get on with it in the bathroom.

"That's your companion taken care of, now what can I do for you?" she enquired of the young man, who once again apologised for Dorothy.

The young man gave Cindy a telephone

number to ring. "My pick-up crew," he explained. "They will be along as soon as they can. Sorry to be such a nuisance!"

"Seems as if John has lost his sense of direction as well as his head since he fell under the charms of a certain young lady," said the voice on the other end of the line. "He should have landed long before he got to you. We should be with you in an hour or two. Okay?"

"Two hours of Dorothy!" Cindy sighed as she replaced the receiver. She had hardly done so when the young lady in question appeared draped in a towel.

"Be so good as to get me some clothes," she said in a high handed manner. "I will be leaving shortly."

"You've got plenty of time," Cindy replied. "Your friends say it will take about two hours to get here!"

"They're no friends of mine!" said Dorothy. "I'm not hanging about waiting for them!" She picked up the phone and started dialing a number without asking Cindy's permission.

When Cindy saw her bathroom she could have wept. "My own fault for suggesting she used it," she sighed. "The quicker she goes the better!"

"Is this the best you can lend me?" she said to Cindy, when she saw the clothes.

Cindy was nearly at the end of her tether when a sports car arrived.

"That will be Clive! Let him in. On second thoughts don't bother! I'm just about ready!"

Without so much as a thank you or a goodbye, Dorothy swept out of the house, climbed into the car, and ordered Clive to drive off.

Cindy wasn't sorry to see the back of her. She hurried upstairs and tidied the bathroom and then went to help the balloonist. Poor John, he was as deflated as his balloon when Cindy told him that Dorothy had gone.

"Lucky old Clive!" he sighed.

"Is he?" said Cindy.

Lindy arrived before the pick-up team arrived. Cindy introduced her to the stranger who had dropped out of the sky.

While Cindy went in to make some tea Lindy and John got talking. He seemed very interested to learn that she was an interior decorator.

"A very good one," laughed Cindy. "If you care to look in through the windows you can see some of her handiwork."

John was very impressed and asked Lindy if she would be interested in doing the interiors of an old house that he was renovating. Lindy was very interested.



Then they got onto talking about ballooning, the outcome of which, the girls were invited up for a trip.

"Can you get three in a basket?" asked Sindy.

"In mine it will be a bit of a squeeze, but one of you could fly with a chum of mine. If it is like this tomorrow, conditions will be ideal."

The pick-up crew arrived, and one of them confided to Sindy that he much preferred Lindy to the girl John had set out with, which was why Sindy elected to fly in the other balloon the following day.

Sindy's pilot was a friendly young man. A very keen balloonist. "No need to map read," he said to Sindy once they were up. "I know these parts like the back of my hand. Just relax and enjoy the view!"

Sindy did. It was terrific.

Sindy found the burners a little frightening at first, but soon she got used to it.

"That's John's place down there," said the young man pointing to a large manor house standing in its own grounds.

"You mean that massive great place?" gasped Sindy. "He owns that?"

"And all the farms and best part of that village over there!"

"Gosh! He sounds like a real lord of the manor," gasped Sindy.

"Pardon the pun, but I suppose he is, in a manner of speaking," laughed the young man. "Yes, it all belongs to the Honourable John!"

Sindy watched the other balloon descending.

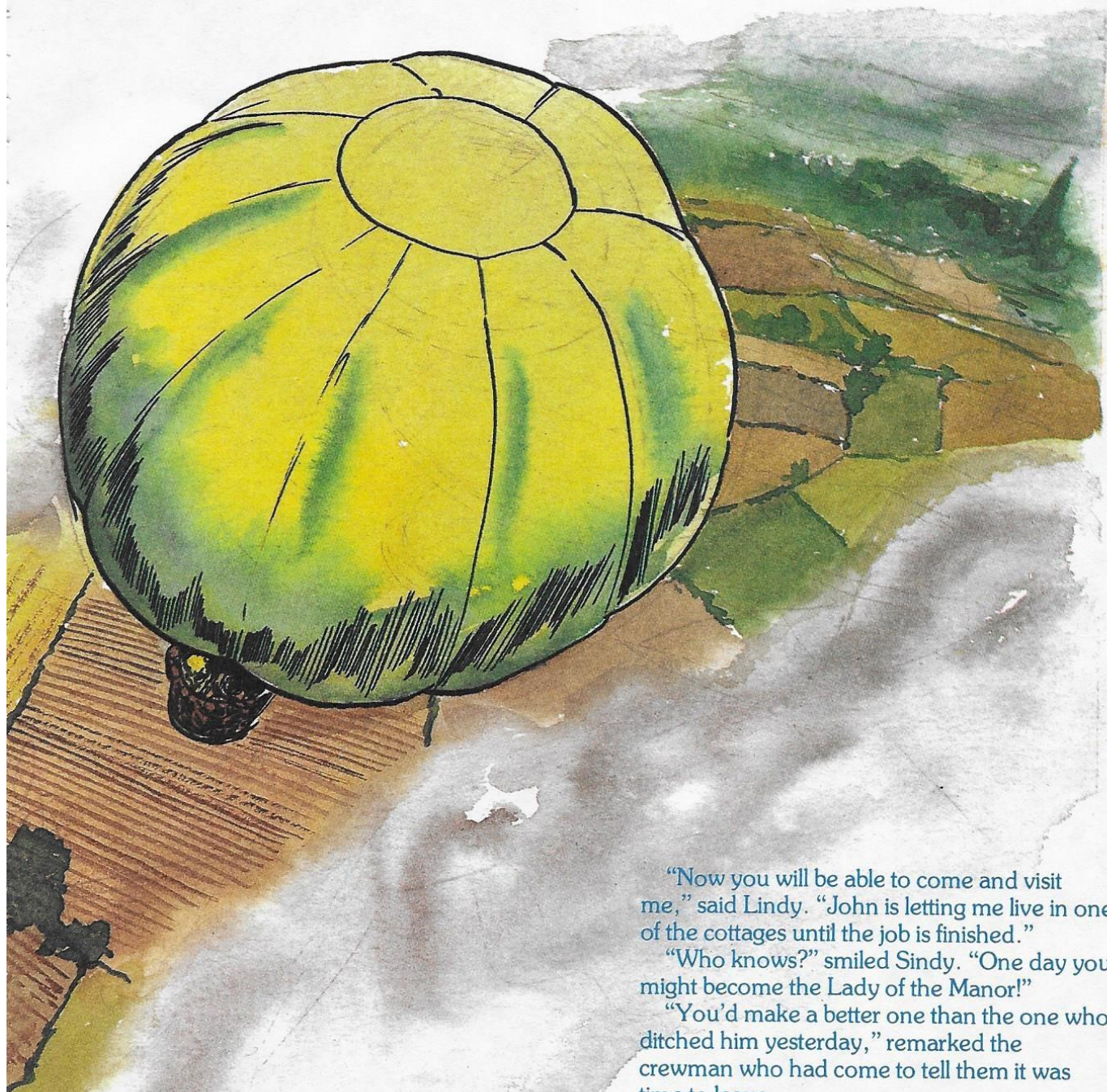
"Want to go down or would you prefer to carry on a bit longer?" asked the young man.

"I think I would like to stay up," replied Sindy. "Can we drift on without coming down in the middle of nowhere?"

The pilot pointed down to a road where a truck and a trailer were driving along.

"The pick-up crew. John learned his lesson yesterday! Make sure they are not far away when you come down."





Sindy thought to herself, "John learned more lessons than one yesterday."

Sindy enjoyed her flight, but she was a little worried as they came down. For one awful moment she thought they were going to land in a field of cows. But for a slight jolt when the basket hit the ground, Sindy hardly knew they had landed.

They did not drive straight back to the field from where they started.

"We've got to pick the other two up," the crewman grinned.

The manor house looked even bigger on the ground.

"You wanted a job, Lindy!" laughed Sindy, when she heard that she had agreed to take on the task of redecorating the place.

"Now you will be able to come and visit me," said Lindy. "John is letting me live in one of the cottages until the job is finished."

"Who knows?" smiled Sindy. "One day you might become the Lady of the Manor!"

"You'd make a better one than the one who ditched him yesterday," remarked the crewman who had come to tell them it was time to leave.

As they were driving back in Sindy's Range Rover, a sports car roared past them in the opposite direction. It was the one that Dorothy had departed in the day before.

Sindy found a parcel with a note on her doorstep when she got home. The parcel contained the clothes Sindy had loaned the girl, but the thank you note was not written by her. It was written by the young man who had collected her. It said how much he admired Sindy's taste, with a little p.s. which said 'Thank you' on behalf of Dorothy.

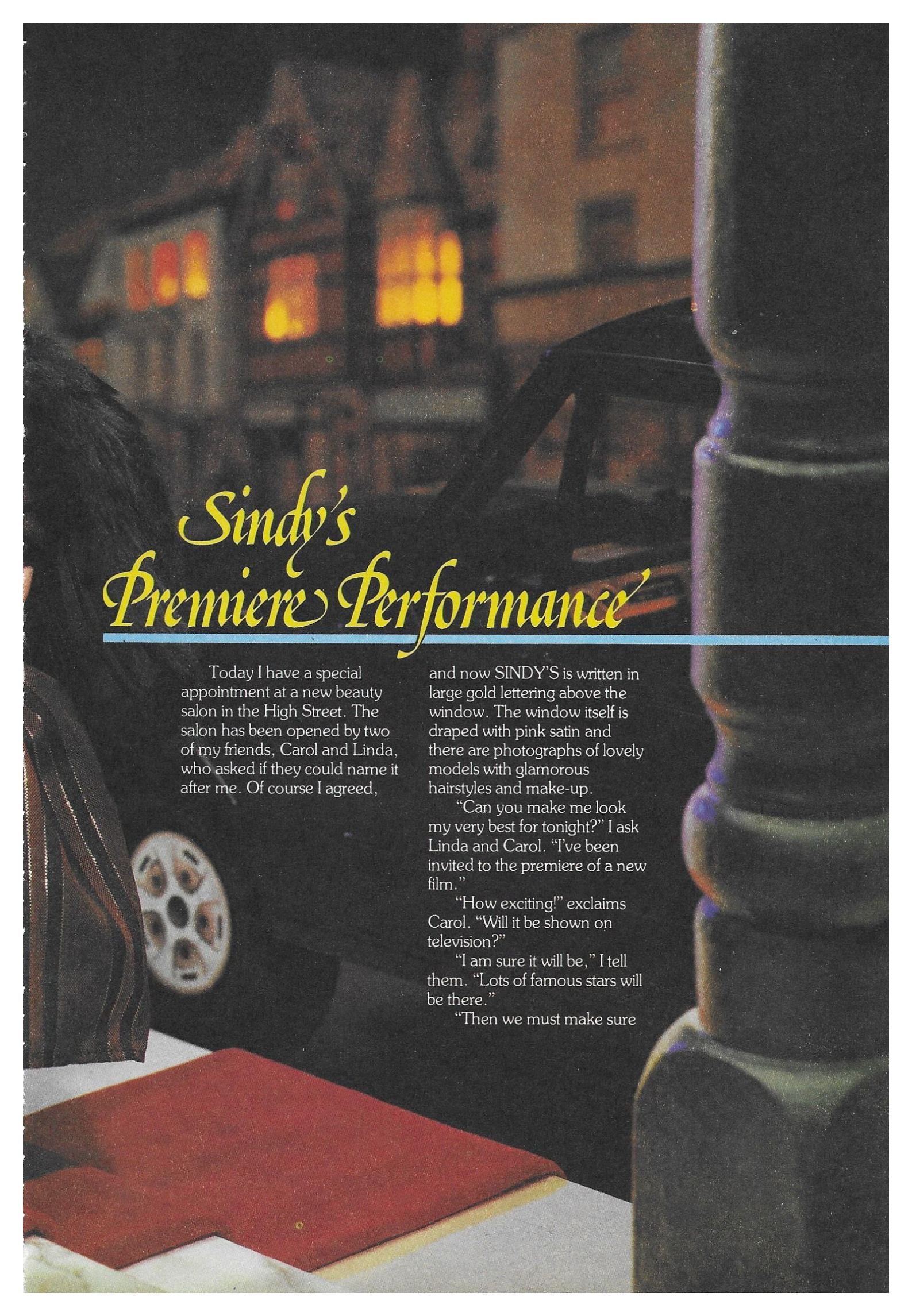
It was still warm and sunny the following day and so Sindy persuaded Lindy to stay on and laze and sunbathe and use her pool.

"I am glad that everything is turning out right for you now, Lindy," said Sindy.

"Thanks to you, Sindy!"

"Thanks to Dorothy really!" thought Sindy.





Sindy's Premiere Performance

Today I have a special appointment at a new beauty salon in the High Street. The salon has been opened by two of my friends, Carol and Linda, who asked if they could name it after me. Of course I agreed,

and now SINDY'S is written in large gold lettering above the window. The window itself is draped with pink satin and there are photographs of lovely models with glamorous hairstyles and make-up.

"Can you make me look my very best for tonight?" I ask Linda and Carol. "I've been invited to the premiere of a new film."

"How exciting!" exclaims Carol. "Will it be shown on television?"

"I am sure it will be," I tell them. "Lots of famous stars will be there."

"Then we must make sure

you will look as lovely as any of them," declares Linda, who is the hairdresser. She helps me put on one of the salon's pretty floral smocks and leads me to a reclining chair by a washbasin. The chair and all the fittings are pink, and Linda puts a fluffy gold towel with pink binding around my shoulders. "Would you like to try our new shampoo?" she asks, as I lean back with my head over the basin. "It contains special herbs to bring out the highlights in your hair."

She sprays my hair with warm water, shampoos it, then uses the spray again to rinse it clean and shining. Then she gently rubs it with the towel until it is only just damp.

"I think you should choose one of our most glamorous hairstyles," says Linda, as I sit before the mirror, and she brings some photographs to show me. I pick one out and she agrees that it will suit me. "I can wave your hair so that it frames your face and set the ends to curl over your shoulders."

After setting my hair in large rollers, she blow-dries it with the hand drier. When the rollers are taken out, she brushes my hair until it is soft and shining, then combs it into a halo around my face.

Then Carol takes over, to begin the make-up. "I'll use a cleansing lotion first," she tells me, and strokes it on my face and neck. After a few minutes she removes it with cotton wool, working from neck to forehead. "This is the best way to take off your make-up afterwards," she tells me. "Don't forget to do that, even if you arrive home very late tonight."

"I'll remember," I promise. "But what are you putting on now?"

"A skin freshener," she says, patting my face with a pad of cotton wool soaked in a cool







liquid. "Now I'll use just a small amount of moisturiser," she adds, smoothing in some light, creamy liquid.

"Your skin is ready for the foundation now," she tells me, and this time she uses a small sponge to put on the liquid make-up. She follows this with a light dusting of powder.

"As you'll be appearing under bright, artificial lights you'll need a much more dramatic make-up than you'd normally wear," Carol explains, "especially if you appear in front of the television cameras. I'll start with the eye colour first."

She uses an eye liner above my top lashes, adds another line under the eyes and puts eye shadow on the lids. This makes my eyes look much larger. Then she adds a little more colour to my eyebrows, using a brown pencil.

"I'm going to put on just a little pink blusher high on your cheekbones," she says, using a make-up brush like an artist painting a picture. "I'll spread it outwards and up, towards the eyes, to make them sparkle."

She chooses another brush. "Don't say a word for a few moments," she warns me. "I'm going to outline your lips with a deep colour, then fill in with a slightly lighter shade." Carol keeps talking as she works. "If you want to make your mouth look larger, use a pale lipstick, but going beyond the real lip line won't look natural."

"Now, some mascara on your eyelashes for the finishing

touch," she says, and then let me see the result in the mirror.

"Goodness, I do look glamorous," I agree delightedly, as Linda hurries over with her comb, to make sure my hairstyle is perfect.

"If lots of people see you at the premiere, they will want to come to the beauty salon, too," she tells me.

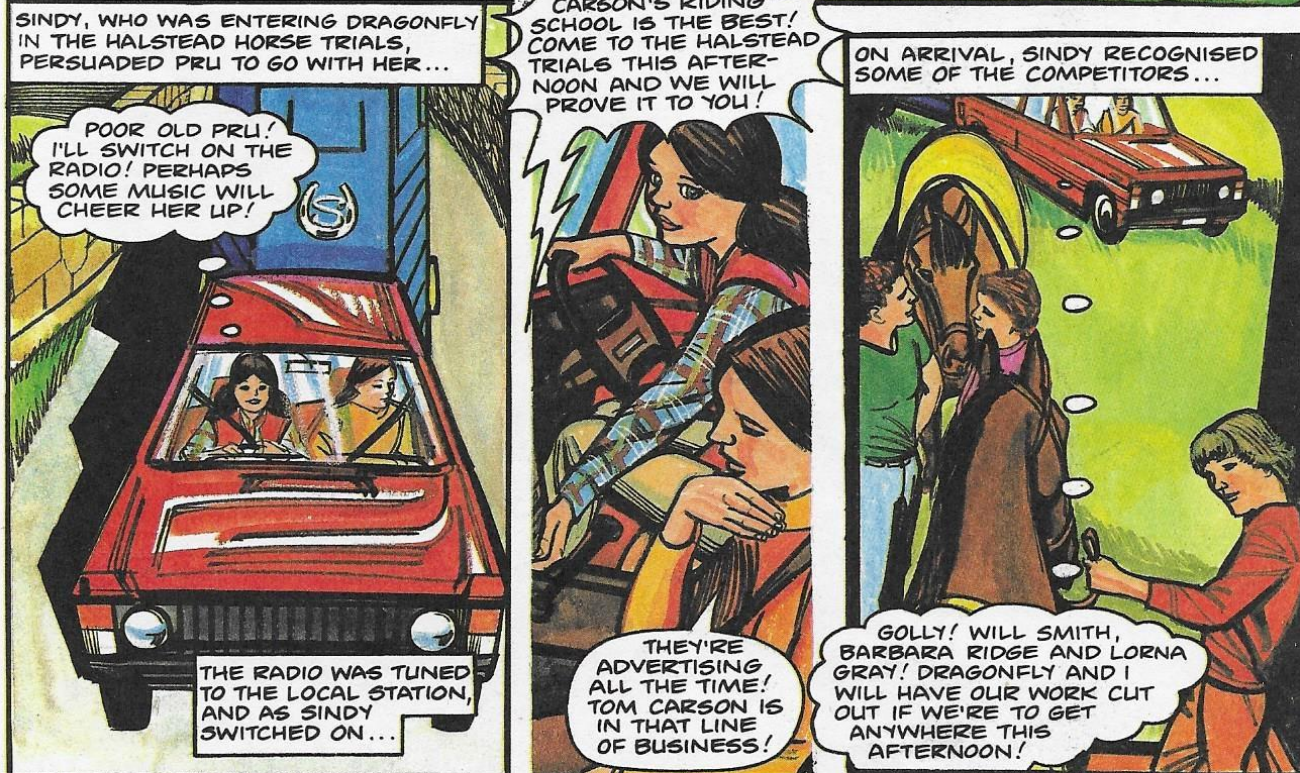
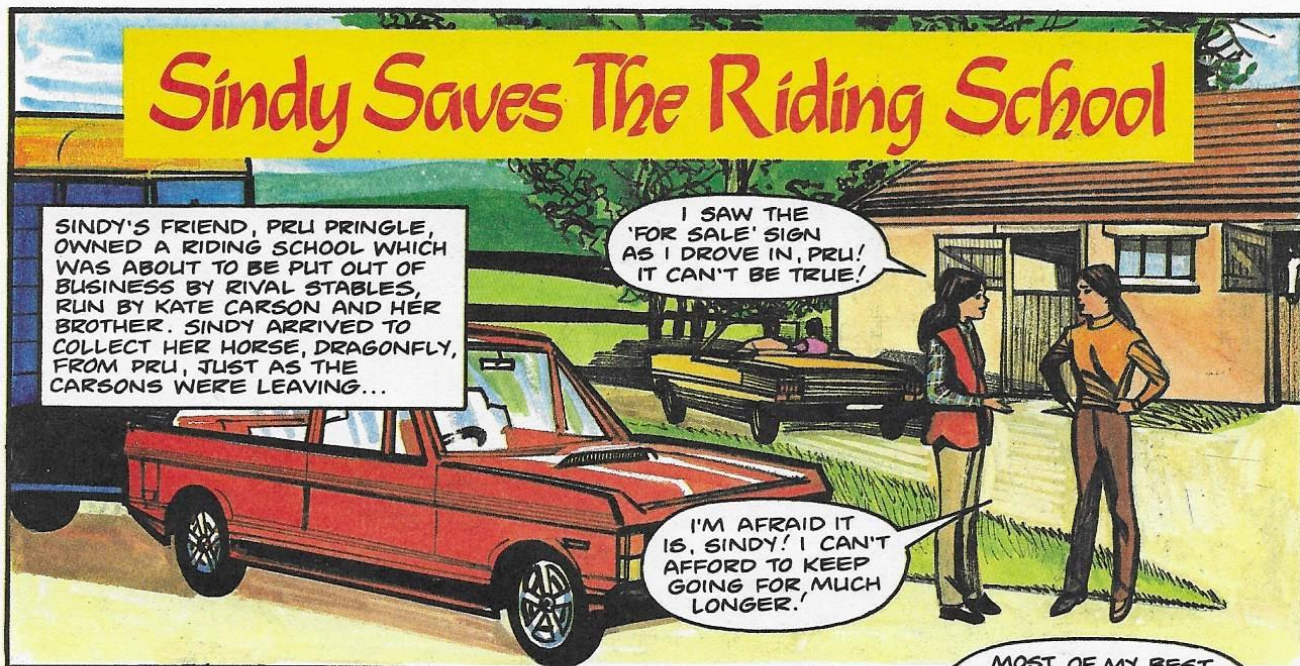
"Have a wonderful time tonight," they both call as I leave the salon.

I have just time to rush home and change into the dress I have bought especially for the premiere. It has glittering gold threads woven into the fabric and a gold bow at the waist. There is a matching evening bag and new fur cape to wear with it. As I take a last look in my long mirror to make sure everything looks perfect, the car arrives at the door.

I sit in the back of the large limousine while it is driven towards the big cinema where the film is being shown. There are crowds of people watching the celebrities arrive as the car glides to a halt. The door is opened for me, and I step out into the glare of the bright lights, with cameras flashing all round.

"This way, Cindy!" a cameraman calls, and as I turn my head, a television camera zooms in close. I smile into the lens, hoping that Carol and Linda are watching. Then I walk up the steps into the cinema, feeling as glamorous as any of the stars of stage and screen.

Sindy Saves The Riding School



PRU RECOGNISED A RIDER WHO SINDY DIDN'T KNOW...

RITA MOLESWORTH! WHATEVER IS SHE DOING HERE?

ISN'T THAT KATE CARSON WITH HER?

THE COMPETITION STARTED...

RITA LEFT ME A MONTH AGO! SHE'S A PROMISING RIDER, BUT NOWHERE NEAR READY FOR THIS COMPETITION!

WE'LL SHOW MISS PRINGLE HOW YOU'VE IMPROVED WITH ME! WHO'S THE GIRL WITH HER?

I THINK SHE'S CALLED SINDY! SHE'S AN OLD PUPIL OF MINE!

LORNA GRAY WAS THE FIRST TO JUMP.

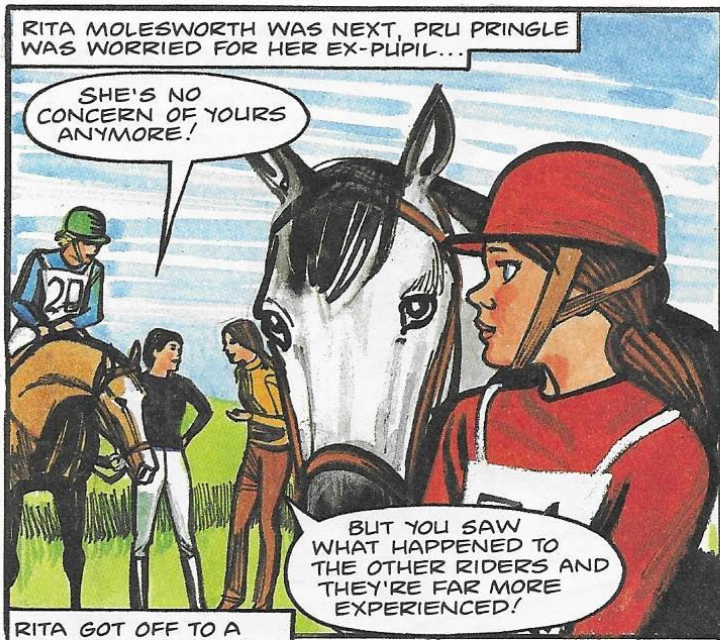
SHE WAS TO PROVE THAT THE COURSE WAS NOT FOR NOVICES...

WILL SMITH WAS TO FARE WORSE...

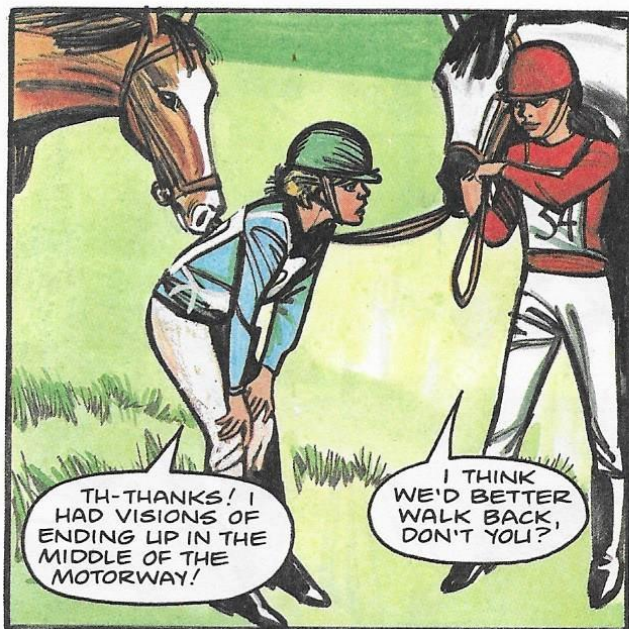
POOR WILL! IT MUST BE A DIFFICULT COURSE FOR HIM TO COME A CROPPER!

BARBARA RIDGE HAD HER PROBLEMS AND CONSIDERED HERSELF LUCKY TO FINISH...

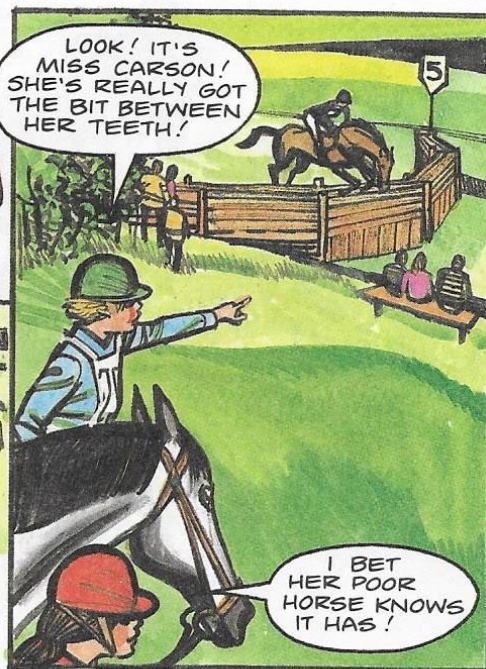
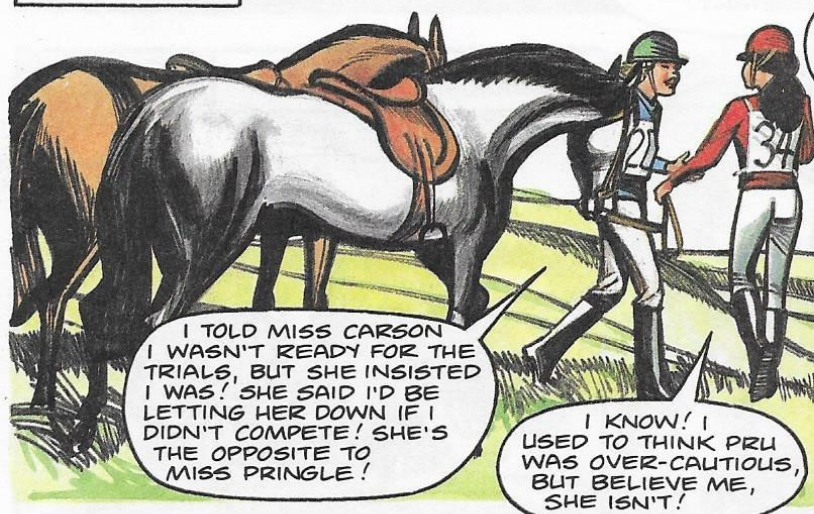
IT'S A MOUNTAIN GOAT YOU NEED, NOT A HORSE! I DEFY ANYONE TO CLEAR THE MOAT!







AS THEY WALKED BACK THEY CHATTED...

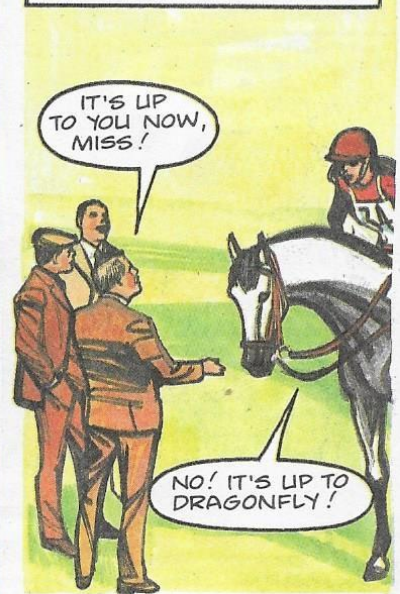


KATE CARSON WAS COCK-A-HOOP WHEN SHE RODE IN...



THE FASTEST TIME, AND NO PENALTIES! BEAT THAT IF YOU CAN, YOUNG MAN!

THE YOUNG MAN COULDN'T.



IT'S UP TO YOU NOW, MISS!

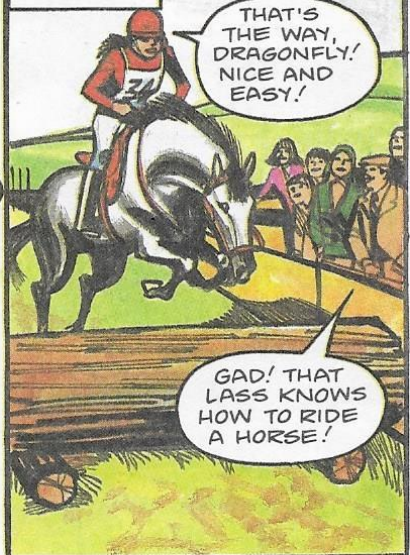
NO! IT'S UP TO DRAGONFLY!



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! YOU WON'T BEAT ME!

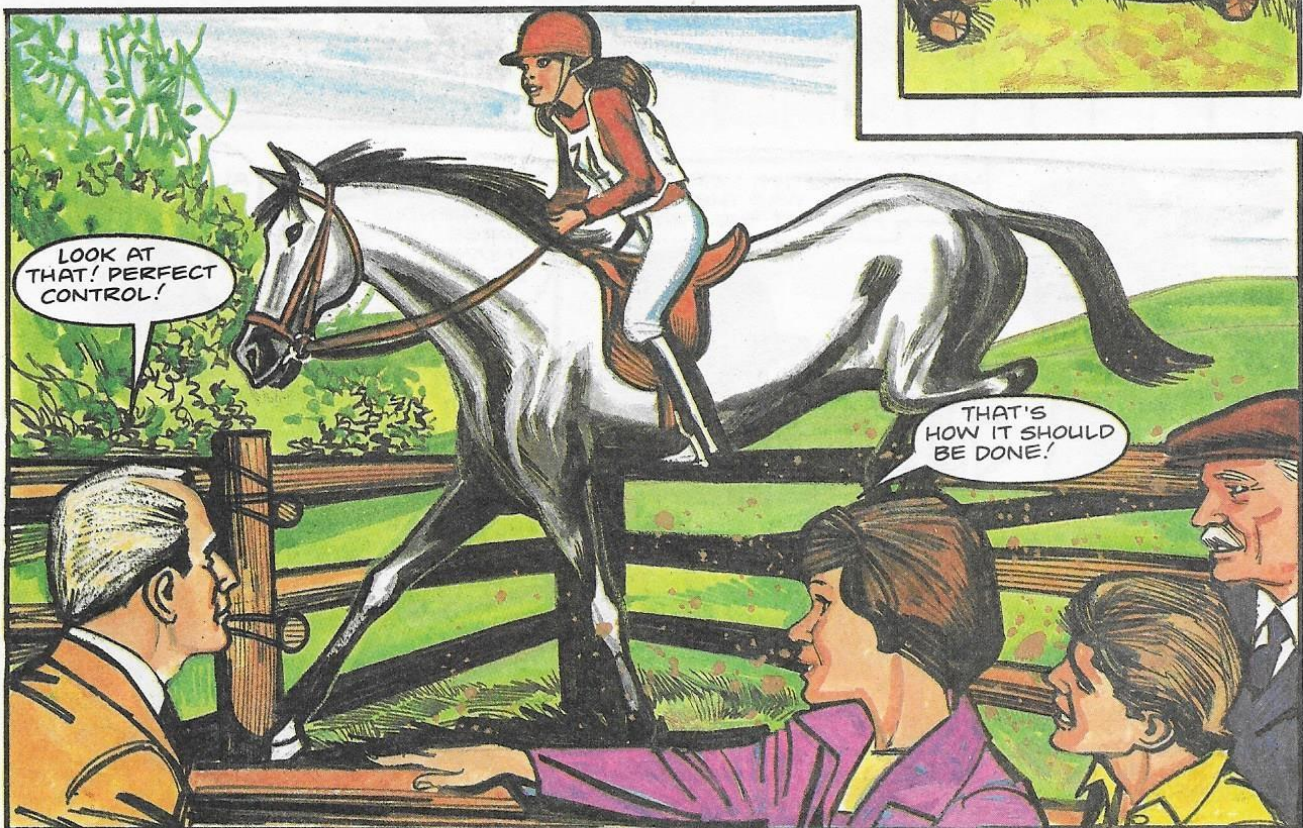
MAYBE I WON'T! MAYBE I WILL! COME ON, DRAGONFLY, WE'LL DO OUR BEST FOR MISS PRU!

SINDY HAD NO INTENTION OF RIDING DRAGONFLY INTO THE GROUND...



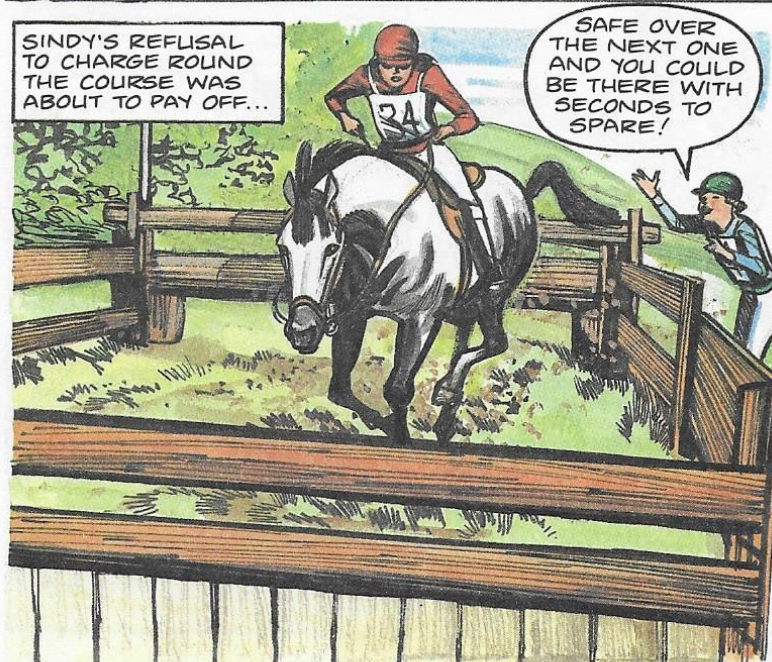
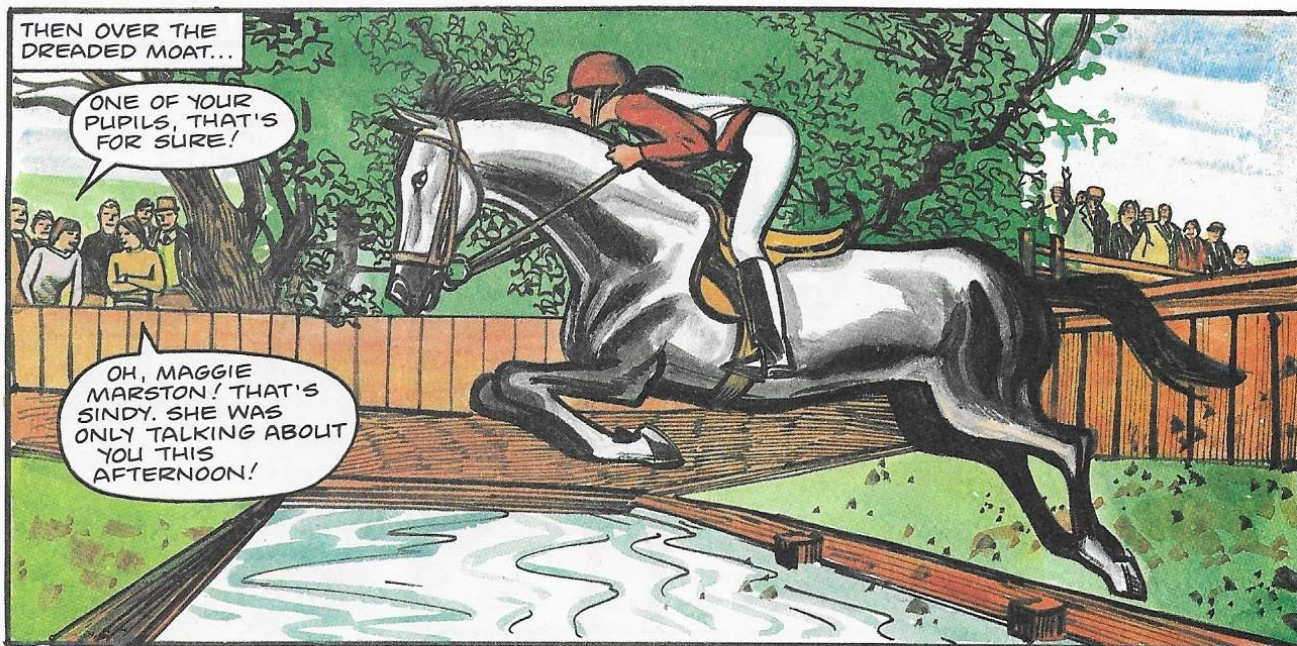
THAT'S THE WAY, DRAGONFLY! NICE AND EASY!

GAD! THAT LASS KNOWS HOW TO RIDE A HORSE!

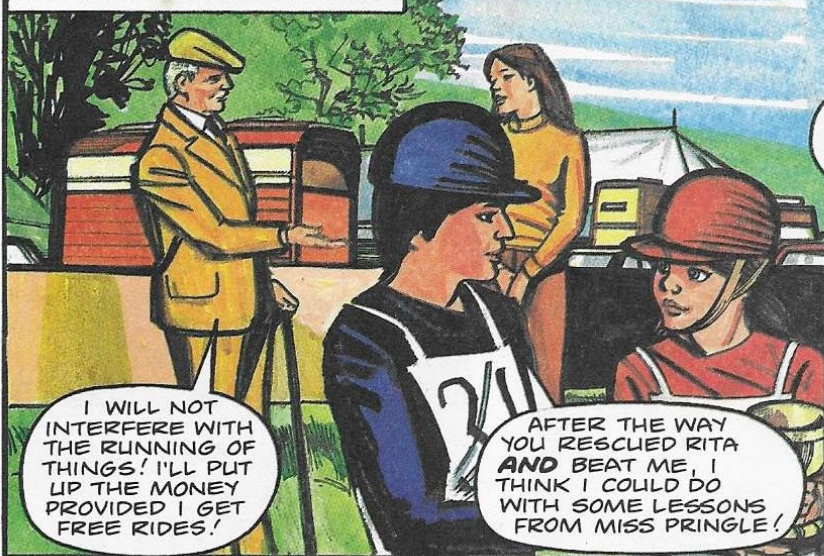


LOOK AT THAT! PERFECT CONTROL!

THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE!



THE FORMER CAVALRY OFFICER WAS MOST IMPRESSED AND...



I WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH THE RUNNING OF THINGS! I'LL PUT UP THE MONEY PROVIDED I GET FREE RIDES!

AFTER THE WAY YOU RESCUED RITA AND BEAT ME, I THINK I COULD DO WITH SOME LESSONS FROM MISS PRINGLE!

A WEEK LATER, WHEN SINDY RETURNED TO THE STABLES TO SPEND A WEEKEND WITH HER FRIEND...

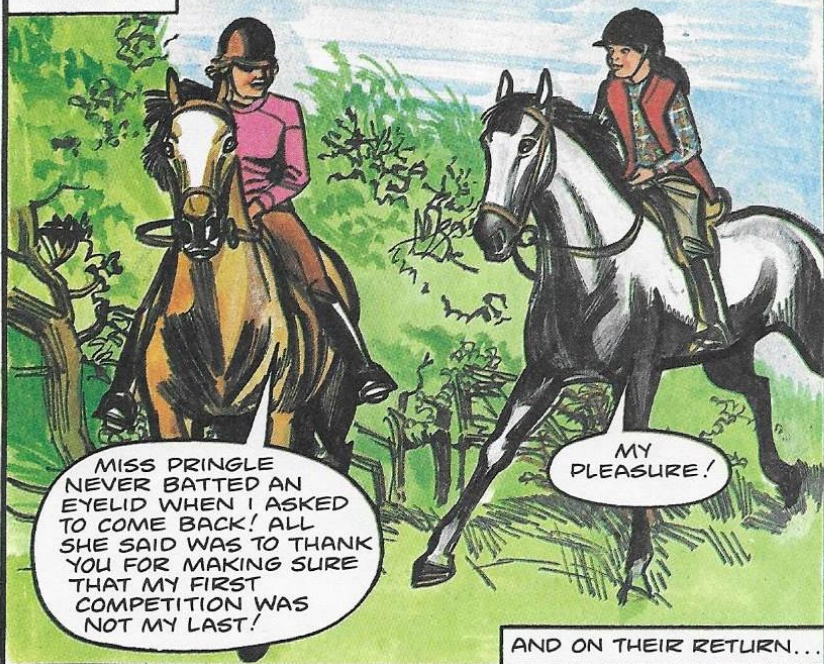
IT SEEMS THAT YOUR STABLES HAVE BECOME POPULAR AGAIN!



THEY HAVE, SINDY, THANKS TO YOU AND THAT DEAR OLD CAVALRYMAN!

GOSH! KATE CARSON IS AS TRUE AS HER WORD!

SINDY EXERCISED DRAGONFLY WITH RITA...



MISS PRINGLE NEVER BATTED AN EYELID WHEN I ASKED TO COME BACK! ALL SHE SAID WAS TO THANK YOU FOR MAKING SURE THAT MY FIRST COMPETITION WAS NOT MY LAST!

MY PLEASURE!

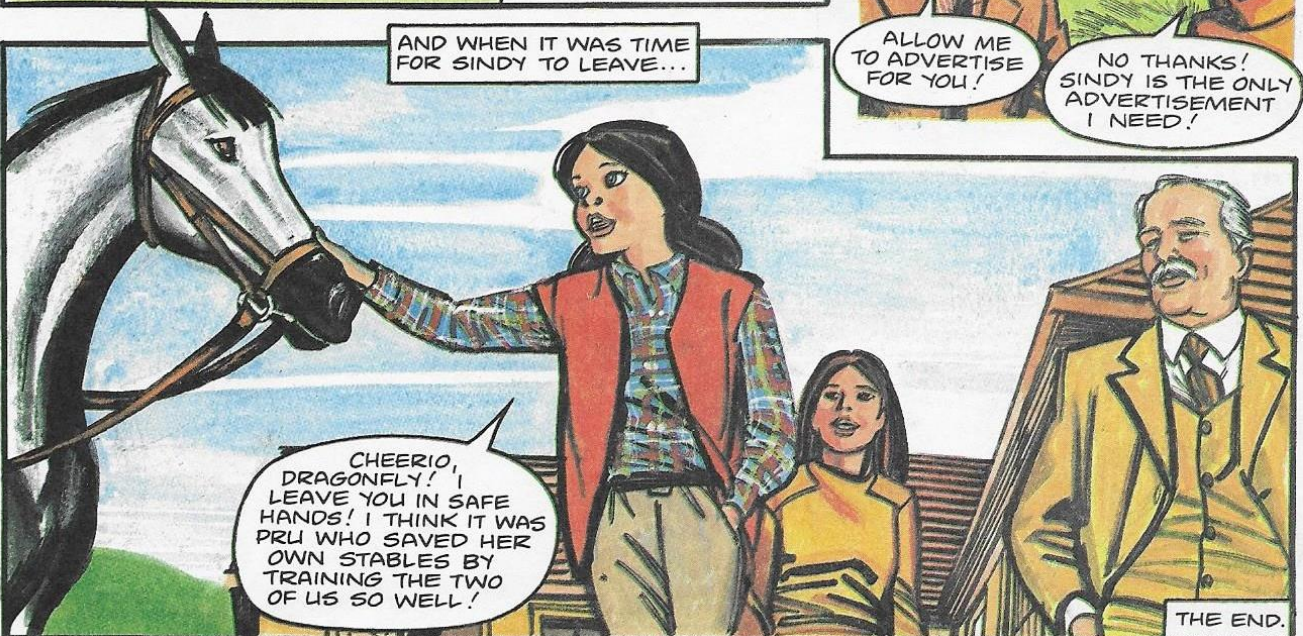
AND ON THEIR RETURN...



ALLOW ME TO ADVERTISE FOR YOU!

NO THANKS! SINDY IS THE ONLY ADVERTISEMENT I NEED!

AND WHEN IT WAS TIME FOR SINDY TO LEAVE...



CHEERIO, DRAGONFLY! I LEAVE YOU IN SAFE HANDS! I THINK IT WAS PRU WHO SAVED HER OWN STABLES BY TRAINING THE TWO OF US SO WELL!

THE END.

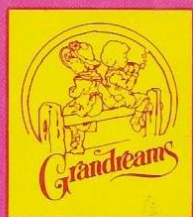
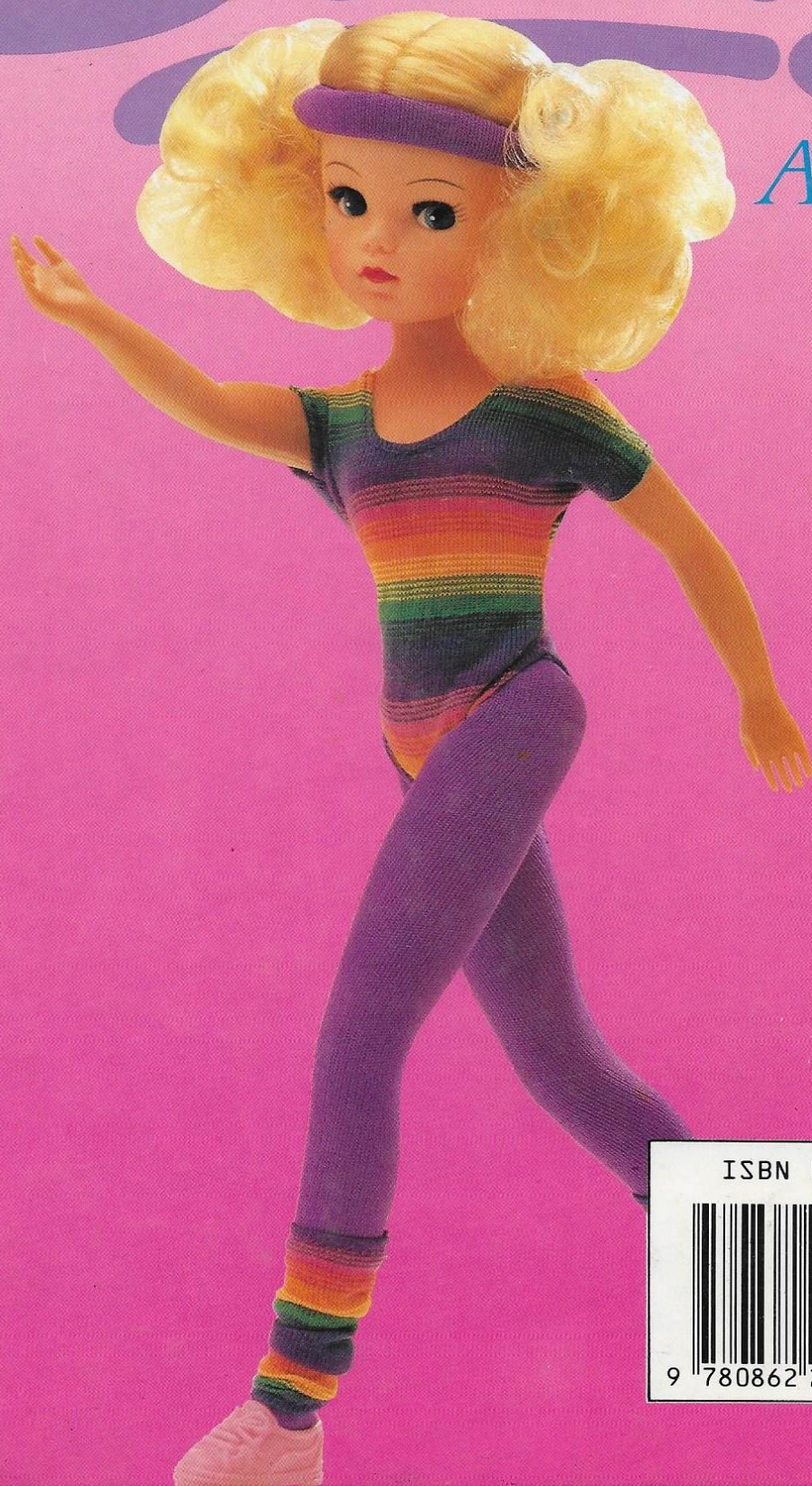




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£ .15P



ISBN 0-86227-242-4



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